

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CXLII. No. 2098

London
September 10, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

COMFORT! JUST YOU TRY

JOHN JAMESON

★★★ WHISKEY

Not a drop is sold till it's 7 years old

+ M: VITIE & PRICE + Biscuits of Highest Quality +

STATE EXPRESS
555
Cigarettes



Bronnley

MAKERS OF THE

FINEST SOAPS
FOR FIFTY YEARS

Grans:
MAY FAIR
PICCY, LONDON

THE
MAY FAIR HOTEL

"In Berkeley Square"
LONDON, W.1

Special apartment rates for H.M. Services and
their families

THE RESTAURANT THE VIKING BAR FAMED
IN THE FOR ITS
AIR RAID SHELTER SCANDINAVIAN SPECIALITIES
CABARET AND DANCING EVERY EVENING
(except Sundays)
JACK JACKSON and HIS ORCHESTRA

PALACE COURT
HOTEL

★ Bournemouth's most Modern
Hotel. Private Bath Room en
suite, no extra charge. Bridge
every day. Dancing weekends. ★
Telephone in every room.

BOURNEMOUTH

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE. Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

Branches and Agencies throughout the World.



A model has to be good to win the name "Jersey de Luxe," and to win our O.K. at Harvey Nichols. The Jersey de Luxe designers like "Youth's line"—they just won't let you let youth go.

Model Afternoon Dress. Black only.
12½ gns.

Herringbone Jersey Tweed, in kasha or flannel grey shade, or in plain.
12½ gns.

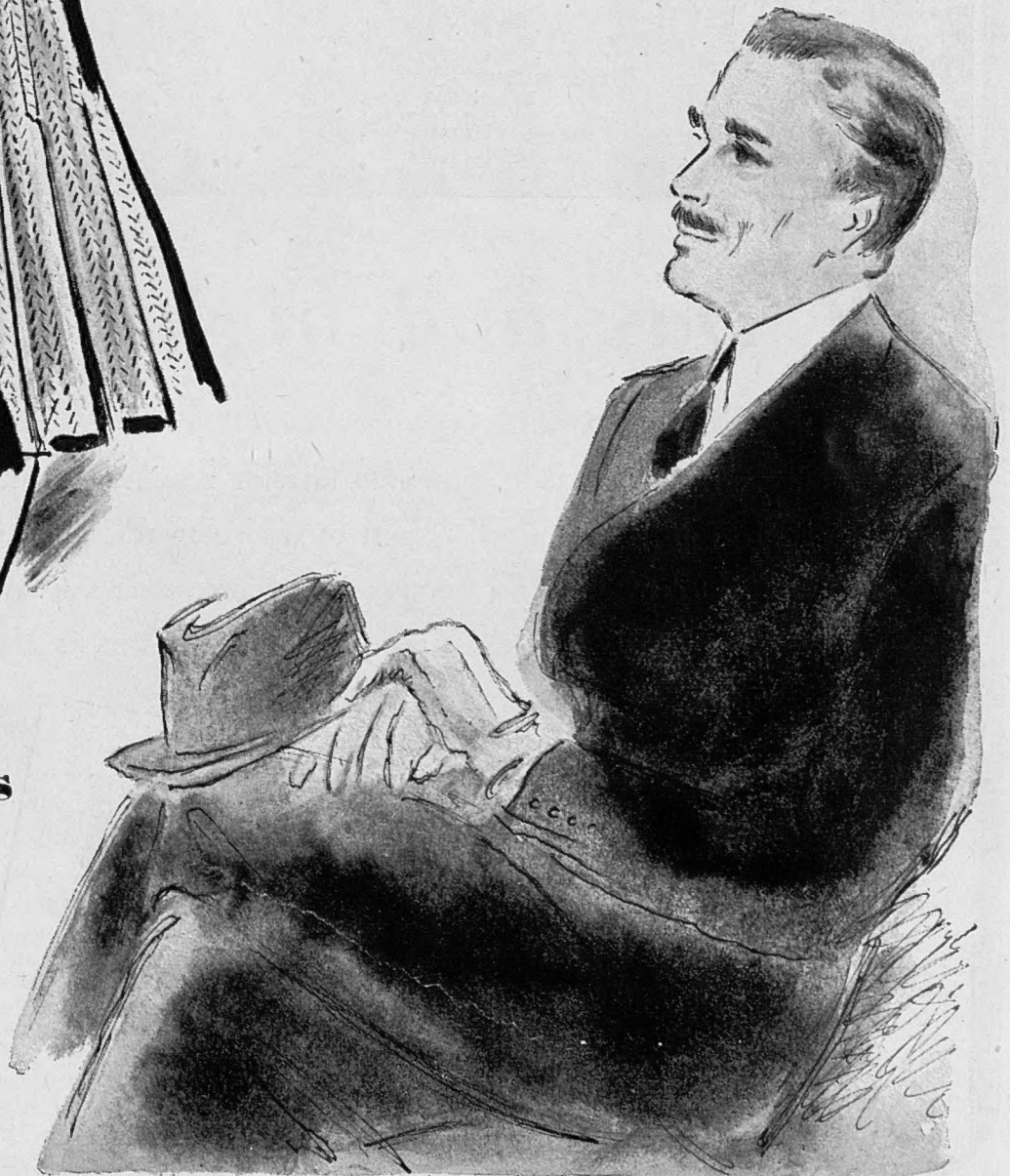
Model, back view. Cherry, royal, storm blue. Hips 36, 38, 40. 9½ gns.
Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1

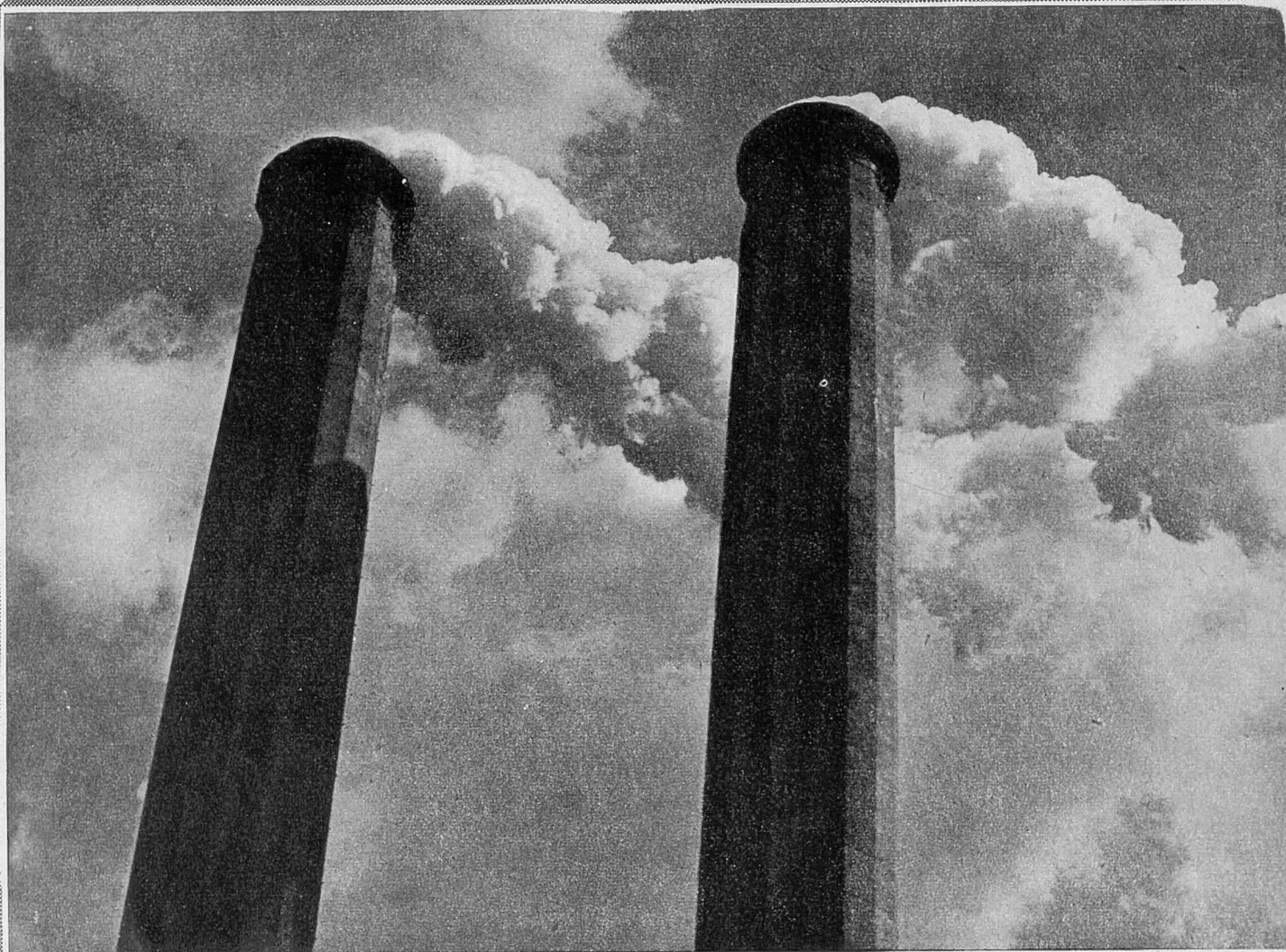
Ask to see the new series "Jersey de Luxe"



Fathers and Uncles
like
daughters and nieces
who like
Dresses by "Jersey de Luxe"

at Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge





Day and night

Day by day, night after night, the Avon Organisation, workers and management alike, strives with all its power to increase production, and to maintain the high standard of quality which is part of the Avon tradition. If normal deliveries of tyres and general rubber goods are sometimes delayed, Avon is confident that its problems will be understood as fully as the merits of its products are appreciated.

THE AVON INDIA
RUBBER CO., LTD.
(Established 1885),
MELKSHAM, WILTS.

AVON
THE ARISTOCRAT OF TYRES



THE TATLER

LONDON
SEPTEMBER 10, 1941

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXI. No. 2098



John Everard

What Is in Store for Deborah Kerr?

Deborah Kerr is just twenty and has already reached star level in British films. She is considered "a great discovery," and has a big picture-making programme ahead of her. Up to now her career runs thus: a year's ballet training at Sadler's Wells, a year's stage study at Bristol, some B.B.C. plays, and a varied experience in the Oxford Repertory company. Then off to films, to play the Salvation Army girl in Gabriel Pascal's production of *Major Barbara*. Next she got a big chance in the screen part in *Love on the Dole* which Wendy Hiller created on the stage, and after that she starred with Clifford Evans in *Penn of Pennsylvania*, an undistinguished film recently shown. The next opportunity the public will have of judging how this attractive and talented girl is getting on, and whether the film studio's ambitious claims for her are going to be justified, is in *Hatter's Castle*: she has been chosen to play Mary to Robert Newton's James Brodie in the screen version, lately completed, of A. J. Cronin's first best-seller.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Franco's Future

NEWS reaching me from reliable sources in Spain suggests that General Franco's position as Caudillo has become increasingly insecure since he openly aligned himself with his brother-in-law, Serrano Suñer, the Falange leader, and his pro-Axis policy. It is hinted that he may not be able to remain as head of the State beyond the coming autumn. Despite the abominable conditions of living and health in the country, it seems evident that the spirit of the Spanish people has risen markedly during the past month or two, although repression by the Falange and their Gestapo friends is severe. Not only among the poorest elements of the population, but also among the middle and upper class there is a rising discontent against Franco's dictatorial rule.

For long, it was thought that, were Franco to fall, his place would be taken by General Aranda, but I gather that he is no longer a claimant. Instead, the name of General Miguel Ponte, lately appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish Moroccan forces, is mentioned as the future head of the State. General Ponte was, if I remember right, Chief-of-Staff at Burgos when the revolution broke out.

Purge and Pestilence

I MENTIONED last week that typhus has broken out in several parts of Spain. It is probably true that the health conditions, taking the country as a whole, are worse today than in any other part of Europe. This results in part from the fact that the Falangists have shot almost every doctor in the country. In Spain, the local doctor was always a rallying point for political thought, and was looked upon as the friend of the toiling masses. He ranked

with the priest as one of the two most important political elements, and was usually to be found on the opposite side of the fence. So the doctors were all executed as "Reds."

It looks as though the policy had been a short-sighted one, for out of their misery the people are finding strength to make active opposition to the regime. Competent observers declare that, whereas three months ago the Germans could have made an unresisted entry into Spain, today they would certainly be faced with bitter guerrilla attacks along all their lines of communication. How effective the guerrillas can be has been seen in Russia during the past three months.

None the less, there are signs of preparation by Franco to receive German forces. A new steel bridge, capable of carrying the heaviest tanks, has been erected across the Spanish-French frontier between Hendaye and Irun. Steps are being taken to evacuate the villages within a ten-mile radius of La Linea, the nearest Spanish town to Gibraltar.

Plenty in Gib.

AFTER reading reports on the appalling conditions in Spain, where even the army, with the exception of the Generalissimo's Battalion, is half starving and in rags, there is a strange contrast to receive a letter from a friend in Gibraltar. "Rations are plentiful here," he says. "There is no rationing in the hotels, although all the food has to come from England. And, what is more, hundreds of workers who come in daily from Spain are allowed to take loaves of bread back to their families—the only white bread to be seen in Spain. Many Spaniards have permits to buy groceries etc., here. We are indeed a generous nation!"



Like Father Like Son

Two generations in the R.A.F. are represented by Flying Officer Michael Benn and his father, Mr. William Wedgwood Benn, M.P., who has become a squadron leader at the age of sixty-four. He won the D.S.O. and D.F.C. in the last war

Proud Portugal

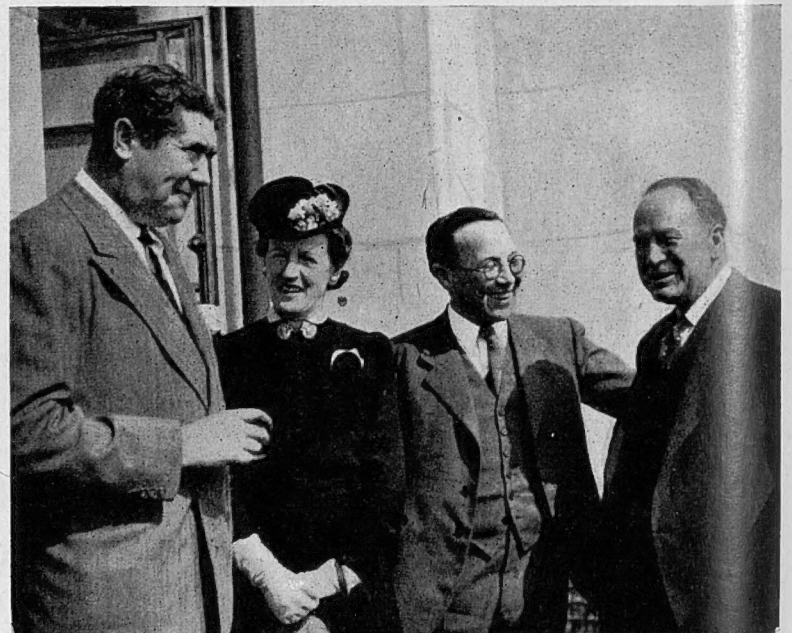
I HEAR encouraging reports of the state of opinion in Portugal. There has been a tendency here to believe that the Portuguese were going to slide into the German camp along with Franco's Spain. That impression has been strengthened by some visitors to London, who have spent only a few days or weeks in the country waiting for air connexions with the Clipper service. I believe there is no foundation for these gloomy views.

It is no figure of speech to say that Portugal is not only loyal to the six hundred years alliance with Britain, but is proud of it. True,



A Reception at Claridges

General Sikorski gave a reception at Claridges to the leading representatives of allied states. Above are General Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and General Sir Alan Brooke, Commander-in-Chief Home Forces, talking to M. Raczynski, the Polish Foreign Minister. General Dill was recently decorated with the Order of Polonia Restituta by M. Raczewicz, President of Poland



A Lunch at Simpsons

At a Meet-the-W.A.A.F. lunch at Simpsons of Piccadilly, guests of honour were Mr. Quentin Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Watson Watt (he invented Radiolocation), and Sir William Crawford. Both Mr. Watt and Mr. Reynolds spoke after lunch. Mr. Reynolds thought he would like to marry a Waaf who was a combined mechanic, chauffeur, meteorologist, typist, cobbler and radio operator



New Sport for Lord Derby

Lord Derby, on a visit to a weapon school in the Western Command, tried out a Tommy gun under the critical eye of the experts. This great sportsman knows all about shooting (though perhaps not with a gangster's gun), which comes as a close second to racing in his choice of recreations



New Hat for Lord Halifax

Lord Halifax is home on a few weeks leave from his ambassadorial duties in America. Soon after his arrival he made a tour of Rest Centres in the East End, where he inspected raid shelters and decontamination units. Above, he and Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Health, are seen trying on the newest line in fire-watcher's helmets

informed opinion in Portugal believes that there is still a serious chance of a German invasion of the Peninsular, though the Nazis may perhaps be discouraged by the knowledge that typhus has broken out on an alarming scale in parts of Spain. But should the German General Staff decide to carry out Bänse's plan for occupying the whole western sea-board of Europe, Portugal, I am assured, will defend herself with the same courage as Greece.

Threats to the Azores

DR. SALAZAR, the proud and very remarkable dictator of Portugal's affairs, certainly finds it difficult to understand why Britain has not made special efforts to supply arms to her oldest ally. Equally, he does not react kindly to broad hints from the United States that, if and when they think fit, they might occupy some of the Portuguese island possessions, such as the Azores and the Cape Verde group. He is doing his best to ensure the adequate defence of those islands by Portuguese forces. If the Allies are satisfied that they are threatened by forces too great for Portugal to repel, he would, I believe, fall in with British proposals for reinforcement. He might even be persuaded to allow the United States to undertake the task, but I believe that Britain would have to conduct the negotiations.

This deeply religious and wholly self-sacrificing man has dedicated his life to rebuilding Portugal and her Empire on the lines of all that is best in her past. Already he has brought her back from bankruptcy to the status of a fully solvent economic unit, has purged the country's administration, reformed its finances and given back much of its power to the Church. Here is a very different dictator. Living the life of a recluse, he has fixed his own salary at £1,000 a year.

Still in Helsinki

SELDOM can there have been so queer a diplomatic position as that of Mr. Gordon Vereker, our Minister in Helsinki, during the past few weeks. Although diplomatic relations have been severed, and Mr. Vereker in consequence was unable to send further telegrams

to the Foreign Office, the Finns showed that they were in no haste to expedite his return to England.

Indeed, the whole procedure for this diplomatic breach has been peculiar, for in the first instance the Finnish Government approached the British Government and asked them to agree that it would now be desirable to sever relations! Mr. Eden not unnaturally replied that, since the initiative came from the Finnish side, the matter was one on which they must make up their own minds; which they subsequently did, with obvious reluctance.

Now, as I write, Scandinavia is full of report and rumour that Finland may conclude a separate peace with Russia, in which case we may assume that Mr. Vereker and his party of British subjects awaiting repatriation may be able to stay on. Among the party, incidentally, is the Consul-General, Mr. Henry McGrady Bell, who was Britain's first diplomatic representative to Finland after the war in 1918 which gained freedom for the Duchy from Russian rule.

Mr. Bell undertook the task of distributing the British Relief Fund for Finland during the war with Russia in the winter of 1939-40. It is interesting now to remember that Britain raised no less than £300,000 for the Fund, and, after supplying two aeroplanes and other facilities for hospital use, Mr. Bell was able to hand over to M. Ryti, the Prime Minister, a residue of £52,000 for the benefit of the wounded and to assist education among evacuees from the territory ceded to Russia. Well known in the wood-working industry both of Britain and Finland, Mr. Bell at the age of sixty has passed more than forty years of his life in Finland. An old rugger player, he has since gained most of his winter exercise in ski-ing.

Secret Diplomacy

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has come to attach great importance to secrecy in the conduct of international relations, particularly where these concern Japan, where consideration of "face" must always be borne in mind. Keenly alive to the strong demand in London for

"hot news," stimulated to some extent by the new régime at the Ministry of Information, he was in no hurry to inform the British Foreign office what was the nature of Prince Konoye's personal letter to him.

This secrecy led in some quarters last week to a sense of uneasiness, lest a form of appeasement might be on foot which might be detrimental to the interests of China, Britain, the Netherlands or Russia. I feel sure that these misgivings were unjustified. One evidence of Mr. Roosevelt's standpoint was to be found in the application of still further restrictive measures on trade with Japan. Another was the dispatch to Chung-King of an American military mission headed by General Magruder, charged expressly to concern itself with "helping China to win the war against Japan."

United States Soldiers for Chung-King

WHEN I last knew General Magruder he was Military Attaché to the American Embassy at Berne, and a regular visitor to Geneva during the meetings of the League Council. He was at that time co-ordinating American military intelligence services in Western Europe, and had a fine appreciation of the impending war situation which has now engulfed the world. Afterwards he went back to Washington as Deputy-Chief of Military Intelligence, and was then given an operational command. His choice to head the mission to China is, however, based on an earlier stage in a rather brilliant career. He spent many years in China, was there throughout the period of the Russian Revolution, and speaks Chinese fluently.

A De Gaulle Interview

BACK from Syria and Egypt, General de Gaulle, at his headquarters in Brazzaville, Equatorial Africa, gave a striking interview to the special correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, Mr. George Weller, in which he outlined his views on the general situation of the war, and the attitude which should be adopted by other countries—notably by Britain and the United States—towards the Vichy Government. To those who had an opportunity of reading the

(Concluded on page 390)

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Why Not a Real Murder?

THE time is coming when the cinema will run short of plots. Or are we to go on for ever seeing that classic picture in which, on hearing that the prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York has broken her leg, the Chit with a Voice gate-crashes a rehearsal screaming the "Jewel Song" at the top of her lungs and is engaged to play Marguerite the same night. Later in the film she wanders, yodelling, all over Europe in pursuit of an American airman, America having by this time entered the war. After three arias and a dramatic scena Chit finds Airman wounded on the battlefield and restores him to consciousness and recognition of her identity by warbling into his ear the "Waltz Song" from *Romeo and Juliet*. Together they restart the aeroplane, which hasn't really crashed, and there being a sufficiency of petrol on board, they make a perfect landing on the lawn of the young lady's palatial residence in the vicinity of Niagara Falls. The curtains coming together preclude any question of a court-martial.

In the event of the public ultimately tiring of this balderdash I suggest that our scenario writers might do worse than look up some of the world's famous trials. They might begin with the Borden case.

Lizzie Borden took an axe

And gave her mother forty whacks;

When she saw what she had done

She gave her father forty-one.

This stirring jingle, sung to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," ran like wild-fire all over America in the early 'nineties. There was also a prose jocularly in which someone asked Miss Borden the time of day. She replied: "I don't know, but I'll go and axe father!"

This is a magnificent murder, or rather, double murder, of a kind to be approved even by De Quincey, who would criticise any example of this crime as though it were a play. And if a play, why not a film?

OLD Mr. Borden was a bank director at Fall River and worth a quarter of a million dollars. The old man had two daughters by his first wife: Emma, aged forty-one at the time of the crime, was away on a visit; Lizzie, aged thirty-two, was at home. The household consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Borden, Lizzie, Maggie the maid and a Mr.

Morse, a respectable farmer who was brother of Mr. Borden's first wife and who arrived on a visit unexpectedly the night before the crime.

On August 4, 1892, the position at half-past nine in the morning was this. Mr. Borden had gone down town. Mr. Morse had departed upon some errands. There was nobody in the house except Mrs. Borden, Lizzie and the maid. The first to be killed was Mrs. Borden, who was tidying the spare room. There followed an interval of one hour and a quarter, during which time the maid, who was not feeling very well, went back to bed. It was a very hot day and Mr. Borden, returning in the heat, went to lie down in his bedroom, where he was killed in his sleep. Lizzie Borden had no need of the restoratives with which the neighbours plied her, saying: "What a mercy, you poor darling, that fearful creature didn't kill you too!"

Many things baffled the police. The Bordens had no enemies, and nothing had been stolen. And where, in that small house,

had the murderer hidden during that hour and a quarter so that he could commit two crimes and be unobserved by two people? On the other hand, Maggie was unlikely, and Miss Borden, besides being active in the Fruit and Flower Mission and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, was also secretary and treasurer of the Young People's Society for Christian Endeavour.

And then one or two things began to leak out. Lizzie had tried to buy some prussic acid, ostensibly to clean a fur. She had burnt the dress she was wearing that morning. Odder still, she had behaved on the previous evening exactly like Cassandra in the *Æschylean* tragedy. Miss Borden, in words less majestic than Cassandra's, but with prescience fully as remarkable, had said: "I am afraid somebody will do something!" Which something I suggest, turned out to be eminently cinematographic. Why does not somebody have a shot at it?

Underground (Warner) is a very powerful film based on what many people think is going to end the war—the break-up of Germany from within. It tells the story, now becoming fairly familiar, of anti-Nazi propaganda by means of the secret radio which no one can locate. Since there have been one or two films on this subject and are likely to be more, I have to say that I am not prepared to believe in that confidential secretary to the head of the Gestapo who, as soon as her master has gone out to lunch, telephones to the conspirators, or whatever one likes to call them, putting them wise about that evening's plans for their arrest. I would rather believe that under the Nazi régime less confidence is placed in confidential secretaries than in anybody else. The point is perhaps not an important one.

Underground is an extremely exciting film, and, indeed, a little more than exciting. When a hardened film critic tells you that he was impressed at the unpropitious hour of 10.30 a.m., then he is saying quite a lot.

Our film actors must not take it amiss if I say what a treat it is to be presented with a cast of total strangers. This being so, I believe that Jeffrey Lynn was really invalidated out of the German Army and that his brother is actually a seeming-loyal Nazi. One can believe in Erwin Kalser, the father of the two brothers and an excellent representative of that decent, sane and simple middle-class which was the strength and glory of pre-Nazi and unpoisoned Germany. With familiar actors, however good, one would find oneself recognising old friends who obviously can only be pretending. With these unfamiliar German players the question of pretence never arises.

And I simply don't know any English actor, if he pretended from now to Michaelmas, who could approach Martin Kosleck's head of the Gestapo.

(Pictures of "Underground" opposite)



Charlie Ruggles and Ellen Drew

That delightful comedian Charlie Ruggles for the first time has a chance to show his talents as a serious actor in "The Parson of Panamint," Paramount's new picture starting at the Plaza on Friday. As Panamint's whiskered mayor who tries to reform the town, he appears with Ellen Drew, who was one of 1940's busiest film actresses. She has already made two successful pictures this year. Phil Terry plays the name part, and Harry Sherman produced this film about life in the gold-mining town of Panamint at the end of last century.

"Underground"

Refugee Actors in a Dramatic Film of the Anti-Nazi Movement in Germany



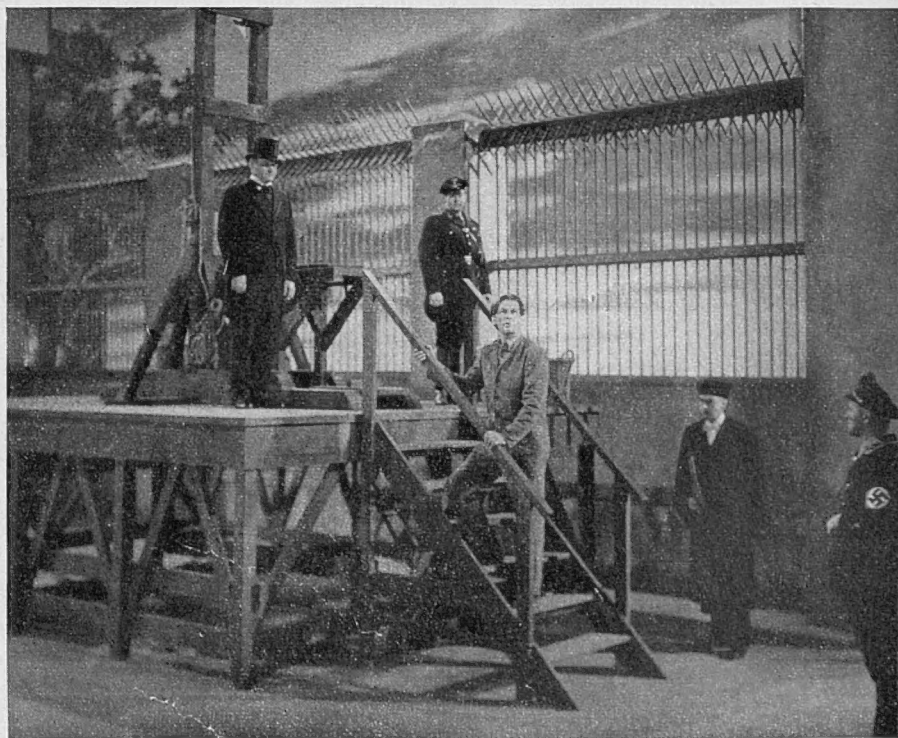
Nazi and anti-Nazi are the two brothers Kurt and Eric: though Eric wears the Party uniform he is leader of the Underground Movement. They are played by Jeffrey Lynn and Philip Dorn, the latter a Dutch actor formerly with an established reputation on the stage of his own country



Gestapo chief is played, like many of the roles in this film, by a German actor. Mr. Agate, who reviews the film opposite, particularly comments on Martin Kosleck's performance in the part. The confidential secretary, who secretly works for the Underground Movement, is Mona Maris, who used to act for UFA. The Gestapo chief's aide is Hans Schumm. The story is mainly based on information given by Kurt Schmidt, technical adviser to the makers of "Underground"; he was an anti-Hitler leader before the war, and escaped late in 1939 after his identity was discovered by the Gestapo



Radio parts for one of Germany's "freedom voices" are in a suitcase which has to be fetched from the station. The girl working for the Underground Movement and loved by Kurt (Jeffrey Lynn, centre) gives an important part to Kaaren Verne whose own adventures in Germany and in escaping to England (where she did some film work) may be used as material for another anti-Nazi picture



A voice from the Underground world rings out on the radio as Eric (Philip Dorn) goes to the scaffold—where Nazi victims must look upwards at the falling axe—and he recognises his brother speaking. So Kurt too has joined the fight for freedom. This dramatic film, which Vincent Sherman directed, is at the Warner Theatre until September 19

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

The Cherry Orchard (New)

It does not need an alliance with Russia to justify a production of *The Cherry Orchard*. All critics are now agreed that this play reaches the very roots of tenderness, touches the very tips of beauty, is one of the dramatic masterpieces of all time.

It was not always so. When *The Cherry Orchard* was first presented in this country in 1911, many members of the Stage Society scoffed at it and walked out on it, and many critics agreed with them, though Bernard Shaw declared it to be the most important production in England since *A Doll's House*. Fourteen years later, when Bernard Fagan's production was staged at the Hammersmith Lyric, Macdonald Hastings in the *Daily Express* still dismissed *The Cherry Orchard* as "fatuous drivel," and another well-known critic who shall be nameless announced in conversation that he had "put the kybosh on Chehov." But Chehov struggled through.

Not a single critic has written one word in adverse criticism of the play this time. Nor are they ever likely to again, unless some day we find ourselves fighting against instead of with Russia, in which case the play will, no doubt, turn out to be too bad to be produced at all.

For the present revival, under the direction of Tyrone Guthrie, heartfelt thanks to all responsible. All the same, I must say that I wasn't very happy about it. Exquisite moments brought tears to the eyes which turned a moment later to tears of chagrin. There was, I thought, altogether too much "acting" going on most of the time. James Dale as Lopahin was the worst offender. The play seemed, unwarrantably, to become Lopahin's play, and as Mr. Dale was mainly occupied in serving unrationed ham, this was unfortunate.



O. B. Clarence as Firs, Nicholas Hannen as Gaev, Athene Seyler as Madame Ranevskia

One is, inevitably, exacting where Chehov is concerned. But was not Rosalind Atkinson as Varya too mincing? Was not Walter Hudd as Trofimov too dull? Was not Olive Layton as Anya too Bedalian? Was not Dorothy Baird as Dunyasha too much like a maid in the Home Counties? Was not Lucy Griffiths as the governess too much like Douglas Byng?



Lucy Griffiths as Charlotta, the governess

And why did they funk the cucumber when the stage directions written by Chehov explicitly state that during her opening monologue in Act II the governess takes one out of her pocket and starts eating it? If only to distract our attention from the atrocious petrified forest depicted on the backcloth this would have been desirable, for what cherry tree could flourish within a hundred miles of such crude gargantuan growths?

THE indoor sets were much more satisfactory, and the clothes really seemed like clothes of the 'nineties without ramming the 'nineties home. The production all through escaped the easy pitfall of "period" and left a clear field for emotion—for hopes never to be realised, for disasters never to be faced, for fleeting sorrows, for happiness caught and lost in a moment, and memories pressing in on every side.

Athene Seyler's Madame Ranevskia was beautifully done, bemused, as it should be, with volatile feeling, swimming in self-pity, and disappointing only in the third act, when Miss Seyler, falling into sing-song, loses direct touch with her words—but nothing goes right in that third act, which is just a jumble.

O. B. Clarence is flawless as Old Firs, the most responsible and impotent character in the piece. It would seem to be no effort to Mr. Clarence to appear entirely natural in whatever he performs.

But Nicholas Hannen's Gaev was less satisfactory—some of his apostrophes were excellent, but he was too much of the English gentleman to clarify the character as a whole. Incidentally, those imaginary strokes with that imaginary cue will never convince unless the actor playing the part of Gaev is sufficiently obsessed by billiards to be making shots not only when he is saying "In off the red," but when there is no relevant line to utter.

THE New Theatre seems to have become the home of all that is best in theatrical London. If it is not Chehov, it is Shakespeare. If it is not Shakespeare, it is ballet. If it is not ballet, it is opera. Long may the policy continue. Bronson Albery has only to persist in it to make a bomb on the proposed site of the proposed National Theatre a completely enjoyable joke.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



Olive Layton as Anya, Walter Hudd as Trofimov

"Fun and Games"

A New Show of Music and Laughter at Princes Theatre,
Produced by Firth Shephard



"A Desert Outpost"

Arthur Riscoe and Sydney Howard, owing to wrongly filled-up forms, become unwilling parachutist volunteers in Africa. "Fun and Games" is true to its name, and proves itself a worthy successor to Mr. Shephard's previous successes, "Sitting Pretty" and "Shephard's Pie." Reviewed by Mr. Farjeon last week



"The Royal Raviolis"

"The world's most wonderful equilibrists, appearing for the first time in this country," are, in fact, old friends Vera Pearce, Phil Trix, Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, Bobby Rudd, and Richard Hearne in very effective disguise. Sydney Howard manages, and receives the applause, while Vera Pearce performs prodigious weight-lifting feats

"The Old Shoemaker"

Richard Hearne, serious for once, is the shoemaker in the ballet scene with Carol Raye, a new-comer to the stage, and a very charming little dancer. She also provides some of the music and sentiment in the show in partnership with Frank Leighton. Manning Sherwin wrote the music



"Shush!"

Versatile Richard Hearne and Sydney Howard, past-master in the art of silent expression, bring down the house in a (near) mime-play number. Almost in silence they go through their antics as drunken revellers who creep home to bed in the wrong house



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Dutch Queen's Birthday

QUEEN WILHELMINA's sixty-first birthday was celebrated by a gathering of over two thousand of the Dutch colony here in Regent's Park. There was a broadcast from the Open Air Theatre, replied to by Dutch in South Africa, the East and West Indies, Canada, and from ships at sea; and then Prince Bernhard spoke, and asked Princess Juliana, in Canada, to speak also to her countrymen all over the world. Mr. Gerbrandy, the Dutch Prime Minister, and Mr. Paul Rykens, president of the organising committee, spoke too, and the occasion was ended by the performance of a traditional Dutch peasant play, *Kloris en Roosje*.

An intriguing moment was when Prince Bernhard rang a bell, which was the signal for Dutchmen, wherever they were in the world, to break their flag at high mast.

Mrs. Winant in Scotland

MRS. WINANT, wife of the U.S. Ambassador to the Allied Governments in London, comes originally from a Scottish family which lived near Jedburgh, where she performed the opening ceremony of the local War Weapons Week. Provost J. Hamilton Hume, who introduced her, referred to this, and so did she in her excellent speech, in which she specially mentioned the impressive "system of home defences in the truest meaning of the words, as varied and manifold as the defences maintained by the fighting

forces." Lord Aln  s, Chairman of the Scottish Savings Committee, gave an address, and later Mrs. Winant, who was accompanied by Lady Stratheden, visited Jedburgh Abbey.

At the same time War Weapons Weeks were opened in other parts of Scotland—the one in Melrose by Lord William Scott, the one in Kelso and District by Lady Minto.

Wounded at Buckingham Palace

THE annual party at Buckingham Palace for wounded soldiers has just taken place. They came in charabancs, and this year victims of both wars were represented. They were shown around; the band of the Grenadier Guards played; there was high tea, and Ernest Sewell, the conjurer, entertained them. He has often performed at Windsor Castle, and the last time he was watched by Queen Mary and Princess Elizabeth; the Princess helped with some of his tricks. Besides sleight-of-hand conjuring, he is a ventriloquist, and does an amusing marionette show.

Another date, after the Buckingham Palace one, was at Mrs. John Dewar's convalescent home for the R.A.F., where Miss Miki Hood also helped by singing.

Stage and Back-Stage

FIRST nights keep bravely rearing their heads, in spite of approaching dark evenings and depressingly early performances. The International Ballet, which includes

Mona Inglesby and Harold Turner, bravely tackled *Lac des Cygnes* on their first night.

At the Vaudeville, *Squaring the Circle* is a translation from the Russian, and is produced by Peter Ustinov. Russians laughing pleasantly at their own regime—life in one room complicated by ethics and human nature. Mary Morris is very good in it—she is a great personality, very small, full of zing, with marvellous eyes. She lives at Uxbridge, and has to get back there every night. *Pimpernel Smith* is her most recent film—she was also in *Thief of Bagdad*, *Prison Without Bars* and *The Spy in Black*.

Douglas Byng has been at the Chelsea Palace, and in tremendous form. He is a very energetic entertainer of the troops, goes all over the country to appear in concerts, which he never refuses to do if he can possibly fit it in. He has an attractive cottage near Guildford.

Sickert Catalogue

"BATHERS at Dieppe."—*Perpendicular sea, backcloth to period bathing-dresses.*

"The Mantelpiece."—*Horrific decor.*

"The Lady in a Gondola."—*More in a hat.*

"The Little Tea Party."—*Sardonic success.*

"Juliet and the Nurse—Peggy Ashcroft and Edith Evans."—*Decomposed mid-act.*

"Hubby."—*Universal disaster of domesticity summed up.*

"Ennui."—*Recurrent theme, fully conveyed.*

"Reverie."—*Yet more ennui.*

"Sunday Afternoon."—*Ennui.*

"Girl Reading."—*Prevailing dressing-tables in backgrounds.*

"The Frame Maker's Daughter."—*Sad old apple-cheeked type with bundled hair.*

"The Beautiful Mrs. Swears."—*Great success—both comic and colourful.*

"Mornington Crescent."—*More ennui—young woman overburdened with flesh, squalor, and deserved loneliness.*



Mr. Elliott and Miss Diana Ropner

Sec.-Lieut. John R. Elliott, R.A., and Miss Diana Ropner, elder daughter of Sir Robert Ropner, Bt., and Lady Ropner, of Little Forest Road, Bournemouth, and Skutterskelfe, Hutton Rudby, Yorks., were married at St. Michael's, Bournemouth. He is the only son of the late Mr. C. T. Elliott, and Mrs. Elliott, of Glenferness Avenue, Bournemouth



Mr. Ramsbotham and Miss Blomfield

The Hon. Peter Edward Ramsbotham, younger son of Lord and Lady Soulsbury, of Kingswood, Heath, Beds., and Miss Frances Marie Massie Blomfield, daughter of Mr. Hugh Massie Blomfield and Mrs. J. M. Blomfield, of 133, Finchley Road, N.W., were married at All Saints', London Road. Lord Soulsbury was formerly the Rt. Hon. Herwald Ramsbotham



Mr. Sharpe and Miss Broughton-Adderley

Lieut. John Raymond Sharpe, Middlesex Regiment, and Miss Edome Broughton-Adderley were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the son of the late Rev. E. B. and Mrs. Sharpe, of Purnalia, Behar, India. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Broughton-Adderley, of Tunstall Hall, Market Drayton, Salop, and 133a, Sloane Street, S.W.1



Poole, Dublin

Irish Mother and Daughter

Mrs. Peter Rawlinson was photographed with her month-old daughter, Mikaëla, while staying with her mother, Mrs. Kavanagh, at her Irish place, Dolland, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin. Lieut. Peter A. G. Rawlinson married Miss Haidée Kavanagh in London in July last year. He is in the Irish Guards, and is a grandson of Sir Henry Mulleneux Grayson, and of Dora Lady Grayson



Scottish Christening

A recent christening was that of Lord and Lady Lovat's baby daughter, who received the names of Fiona Mary Magdalen Fraser of Lovat. Lady Lovat was formerly Miss Rosamund Delves Broughton, before her marriage to Lord Lovat, who is a Captain in the Lovat Scouts. He is on active service, and was unable to be present at the christening. Above are the Hon. Mrs. Stirling of Keir, Father Marus Powell, of Ampleforth College, Laura Lady Lovat, the Master of Lovat and Nannie, Lady Lovat, holding the baby, Captain the Hon. Hugh Fraser, and Mrs. Grady, godmother

"The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill."—*Very like.*

Pictures loaned by Lady Pamela Berry, Mr. Bryan Guinness, Mr. J. M. Keynes, Sir William Jowitt, Mr. Alan Sainsbury, Mr. John Fremantle, Mr. Mark Oliver, Sir Kenneth Clark, Lord Methuen, Miss la Primaudaye and others. Visitors loaned by the Tate, Leicester and Redfern Galleries, Regent Palace Hotel, Barbizon House, and the Euston Road Group.

Home-finder

RICHARD JOHNSON, Adjutant of the Mayfair Home Guard, used to have the job of finding homes for people, and has lots of stories about the celebrated ones. Robert Taylor, for instance, was very insistent about shower-baths, but Rosalind Russell, pleasant and easy to please, was the only one who didn't nag about bathrooms. Robert Montgomery was nice to have dealings with, too: so was King Zog, but he wanted a castle plus very special bathroom fittings.

Haile Selassie, whom Mr. Johnson fixed up at Bath, found it difficult to understand the difference between leasehold and freehold, and the niceties of the ninety-nine years lease—and the whole system is pretty haywire if you come to think of it. It seems there are plans to make Addis Ababa the Paris of the Near East after the war, with Mr. Johnson as estate agent and ring master of amenities. His own Home Guard home at the moment is in Thomas Cook's in Berkeley Street.

Bachelor Flat

MR. ERIC HATRY has a beautifully comfortable flat, full of nice things like enormous glasses, chairs and sofa, and a Bedlington dog. Miss Polly Peabody, who wrote *Occupied Territory*, was there, in fetching cork-soled sandals, also Mr. and Mrs. Thesiger—she was Miss Mary Rose Charteris, whom I once stupidly said was now Mrs. Thurston. She has a very furry

and boneless-looking white Pekinese puppy. Mr. Hatry, who is about to plunge into Air Force uniform, is an entertaining talker, and described a frightening-sounding aeroplane trip with Sir Robert Throckmorton when the latter was still only learning to fly.

Toc H.

THIS institution has lasted right through from the last war, and has gone very strong again through this one. Many of the team who were with the B.E.F. in France were taken prisoner in 1940. Prisoners of war are allowed a weekly ten-pound food parcel from America—George Kennard, younger son of Sir Coleridge Kennard, is a prisoner with an American grandmother, Mrs. Raymond de Candolle, previously Lady Barclay, and originally Miss Beatrix Chapman, of New York. Another prisoner is David, one of Sir Guy and Lady Campbell's twin sons. Sir Guy is an elder brother of Mr. Archie Campbell, and is a famous golf and cricket player, and writer about games.

Lunching

LA COQUILLE and La Cigale have the same management, and both dish out lovely food. There is a plan which gives Free French airmen three free meals for each enemy plane, they shoot down; I wonder if their first thought on achieving this object is to-morrow's lunch? Also, two per cent. of the takings go to Miss Florence Horsbrugh's bomb victims' fund.

People enjoying it all last week were Leslie Henson, looking very jolly in a check suit pour le sport, Cyril Ritchard, and his wife Madge Elliot, in a white turban as big as a towel.

Miss Claire Luce, lovely and charming in one of her smart double-breasted suits, was in the Ritz, talking to Mr. Patrick Kinsella, who has acted with her in her most recent successes. She is another person always ready to help entertain the troops, and is soon off on a month's E.N.S.A. tour.

Sunday Tea

WHATEVER day of the week the English may allow themselves to be baulked of their beloved session with tea, sandwiches and cakes, it is never Sunday, and from cosy bouts at home to elegant orgies out, tea-time is devoutly observed between four and five-thirty on every Sunday.

Gunter's is a great place for London observance, and glamorous young soldiers take their girls there to marvel at the cake-distorted outlines of ladies in black with pearls, parents indulge schoolboy sons, and debutantes flutter together in corners.

Miss Bunny Sutton, with a little white hat on the back of her head, met her mother and young brother there. Miss Esmée Harmsworth, looking lovely in pale blue and prune colour, with velvet bows in her hair, was with the Duke of Rutland.

Two cakes each was the maximum allowed by the waitresses, who are the kind old nanny type.

Limelight on Hens

THE poultry industry of Great Britain is responsible for the big day out at the Zoo, at which a parade of fowls is to excite the audience, the champion one held by Jack and Daphne Barker. Valerie Hobson is appearing also, and any eggs laid during the outing will be autographed by the stars and auctioned by Mr. Nevill Matthews.

Mr. H. S. Lloyd, of Ware, is presenting a cocker spaniel of his famous Ware strain, which has been chosen as typical of the faithful guardian of hen against the Marauders of Nature, like foxes. This handsome animal will be auctioned by Miss Ruby Miller, star of *A Little Bit of Fluff* in the last war.

In our issue of August 27th we published a photograph of Lady Clarendon and a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen. With her was not Mrs. St. John Atkinson, as the photographer informed us, but Miss Spencer, Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Women's Auxiliary. We regret this mistake.

People in the Lighter News



The Marchioness of Donegall Hands on a Radio Set

Lady Donegall, Canadian mother of the present holder of the title, handed a radio set, presented by ladies of the Canadian Red Cross Society, to Colonel H. P. Mitchell, M.P., for the use of A.A. gunners. Colonel Mitchell is Welfare Officer of the A.A. Command. With them here are Mrs. Florence Harvey, Major A. D. Ryder, and Mrs. William Wilson



Mrs. Critchley Drives an Ambulance

Mrs. A. C. Critchley (the former Diana Fishwick) is driver of one of the four ambulances presented by estancia-owners in Uruguay through their Minister in London, Dr. Daniel Castellanos, to the Red Cross



Lady Daley Collects Toys

Lady Daley, wife of Sir Dennis Daley, Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, is busy collecting toys for evacuated children. She is the hard-working president of the W.V.S. in Portsmouth



Richard Greene Gets Leave to Act in a Film

Richard Greene, now a second lieutenant in a cavalry regiment, has got special leave to act in "Story Unpublished," a spy film, set in London in August and September, 1940. Valerie Hobson co-stars with him, and Flying Officer Barnes and Captain Carr are also in the picture. They were photographed at Denham, where the film is being made under the direction of Tony Havelock-Allen, Valerie Hobson's husband



Sir Leonard Hill Digs Every Day

Sir Leonard Hill, the physiologist, has dug up the tennis court at his Chalfont St. Peter home and now has a fine crop of vegetables on it. He works there himself for two hours every day. He is seventy-five, and he and his wife celebrate their golden wedding this month



Mrs. Waterson and Mr. Duncan Inspect Coats

One of South Africa's latest gifts is a consignment of sheepskin coats for sailors and airmen. Mrs. Waterson, wife of the High Commissioner, inspected these last week at South Africa House. Voluntary model at the inspection was Mr. J. Duncan, midshipman son of Sir Patrick Duncan, South Africa's Governor-General



The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg Comes to London

The Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg and her husband, Prince Felix of Bourbon-Parma, have arrived in London from America to form the Luxembourg Government in London. They have left their six children in Canada, with the Grand Duchess's mother. The eldest, Prince Jean, who is nineteen, has recently been lecturing on pro-Ally propaganda in Chicago



Three Sussex Women Hold a Roadside Conference

Lady Fergusson is district organiser of the W.V.S. in the West Chichester area; the Hon. Mrs. Sturdy is on the H.Q. staff of the West Sussex W.V.S.; Miss D. M. Johnson is supervisor of the West Sussex section of the Bicycle Service. Lady Fergusson is the wife of Admiral Sir James Fergusson; she has driven her Austin Seven over 300,000 miles. Mrs. Sturdy is Viscount Gough's sister



Mr. Lloyd George Superintends the Apple-Picking

Mr. David Lloyd George is busy at Churt superintending the harvest on his farm and orchards. These Worcesters were being picked by sixteen-year-old Jill Harris, a schoolgirl giving her holidays to land-work, and Miss Jane Gretton. The seventy-eight-year-old "Father of the House of Commons" gives more of his time and energy to agriculture than politics these days

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SANGER'S CIRCUS has taken the knock after 120 years and will be auctioned in Surrey this month, leaving the Bertram Mills outfit and the Ringling Brothers of America to lead the circus world for a space; for unless we are foully misinformed, the 1941 Committee will never be a serious competitor till it develops that acrobatic and low-comedy side.

Like other British circuses, Sanger's managed to dodge the embarrassing attentions of the highbrow literary boys, who, inspired by the Goncourts, tended in France to make a great fuss over the Art of the Circus chiefly in order—as was currently assumed—to annoy the Comédie-Française stars and rival literary idols.

We never thought much of those lily-handed attempts to boost the hack circus clown into a figure of transcendental and pregnant meaning, and Charley of the Cirque d'Hiver—or was it Coco?—the only French clown we ever had the opportunity of mentioning this matter to, had a word (unprintable) for it. The Fratellini were a different cup of tea, of course, but even they were vastly overwritten by the Comœdia critics.

Suggestion

WHY no superior literary coterie has ever taken up a Flea Circus, like the one on Broadway, as an art-expression is a mystery. Well-trained fleas have rhythm, planes, values, dynamism, subjectivity, objectivity, the Elan Vital, plasticity, virtuosity, nodulism, blaguism, and most of the rest of the stuff you get at Sadler's Wells. Their technique is concentrically three-dimensional and architechtonically tangential

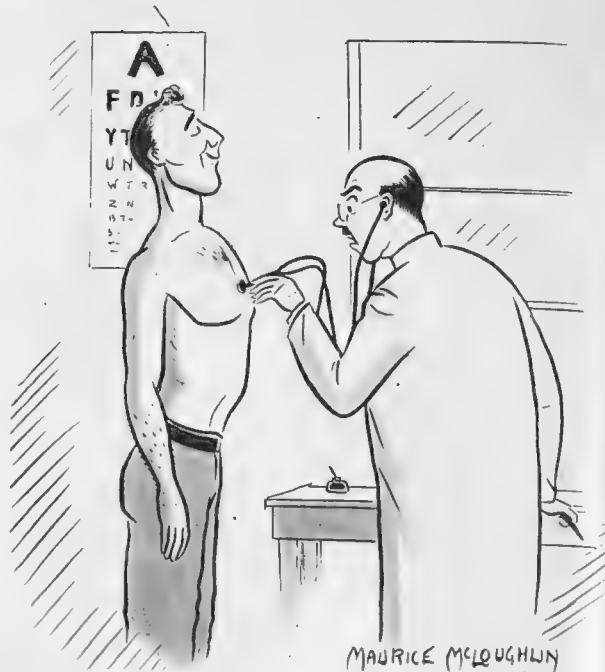
and polymorphous. They state—nay, they render. They are, in fact, Bloomsbury's meat and the ideal chouchous of the Lunatic Balletomane Fringe. So what?

Letdown

"A (A SOLDIER)," says the journalist in the Barrie story, cross-examining a new-comer to the Fleet Street racket, "dies at 6 p.m., with his back to the foe. B. (a philanthropist) dies at 1 a.m. Which of these, speaking technically, would you call a creditable death?" And the neophyte answers, smartly and accurately, "The soldier's, because time was given to set it."

Auntie Times's sharp rap for the Ministry of Information over the recent Churchill broadcast reminded us of this bit of professional dialogue. Like all the other London dailies, Auntie was justifiably angry because the Premier's opening words began coming over the Press Association tape-machines at 8.40 p.m., which cost her "strenuous and quite unnecessary exertions" to get a bit of it into her first (country) edition; for there were no advance-copies. The language must have been quite awful.

We don't know if these alarums and upheavals in Fleet Street interest you at all? The Fleet Street boys, living in a feverish, enclosed little world, remote from reality, always think the public is tremendously excited by "scoops" and "rushes" and "exclusives" and what-not and goes half mad. Our own proven conviction is that the public, its big white apathetic pan wreathed in hideous yawns, does not give a damn either



way. By pointing this out with sympathetic good cheer to our mates and brothers we have evoked fiendish hatreds before now.

Query

FROM the Fleet Street angle it was certainly not a creditable speech. Barrie was right; that little whimsy king had a hard practical streak. Strictly technically speaking a far more creditable speech would have been one made, say, at 5.30 p.m. offering Hitler the Crown of Empire. Not only would there have been ample time to set it but the leader-writers could have roared and agonised and sobbed a full column and got away to the Club in time for dinner. What do you take us boys for—camels?

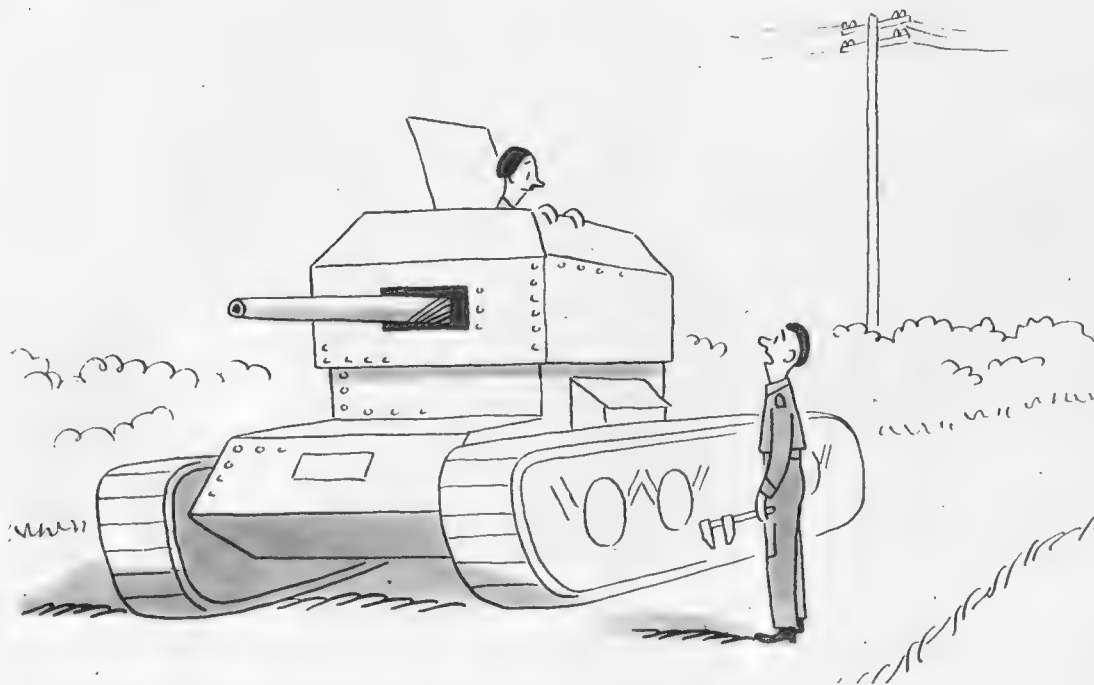
Sheet

IN last month's number of *La France Libre*, the attractive halfcrown review published by Hamish Hamilton, were full-page replicas of one or two of those smudgy, gallant secret news-sheets, *Pantagruel*, *Liberté*, *Valmy*, and others, which are printed or typed and circulated through Occupied France at the risk of life, like *La Libre Belgique* in the last (and this) war.

Whether a neatly folded complimentary copy of one of the French sheets is found every morning on the desk of the Chief Boche, as *La Libre Belgique* used to be, isn't stated. The Belgians themselves had more opportunity in World War I. than at present, so far, to annoy, having then not only the noble figures of Cardinal Mercier and Burgomaster Max perpetually to rally them, but a friendly Spanish Ambassador to do a little ticking-off as well. ("Lentement; poliment; et en français," as his Excellency icily said on a celebrated occasion to some roaring Boche brasshat or other.)

However, these fighting French sheets are equally eloquent of danger and audacity, evoking dark, damp cellars, dim lights, whispering shadows, muffled hand-presses, the stamping to and fro of jackboots

(Concluded on page 374)



"Have you got your knife with the thing for getting stones out of horses' hooves?"



Setting for the new Disney film is the Disney studio itself. Here the camera photographs a camera room built on the set. Below the camera, a Technicolor one, are Robert Benchley, co-starred with the Dragon, and Alfred Werker, the director



Robert Benchley does this in the film, i.e. climbs the ladder up the vast, mysterious multiplane camera, backed up by Frances Gifford, who has the leading feminine role. The human story deals with Benchley visiting the studio and leads up to the cartoon section of the film

Another Disney

"The Reluctant Dragon" Mixes Real People and Cartoons

Before they'd got through with arguing about *Fantasia*, Walt Disney fans have something new to consider from the hand of the master. This time it is a mixture of people and drawings, the people being headed by that glorious clown Robert Benchley, and a pretty girl called Frances Gifford, the cartoon characters led by a Dragon, a Dragon-Killer, a would-be rider called Goofy, and a brain-child of Disney's called Baby Weems. Collaborator with Disney in this technical experiment is Alfred Werker, the director. *The Reluctant Dragon* went to the Gaumont last week-end



"How to ride a horse" is one of the cartoons inside the new Disney combination-film. Goofy, the bold Pluto-esque huntsman on the left, is its hero, but the horse has the better of their encounter



Dumbo is a new Disney character who'll be in a forthcoming cartoon. Benchley sees him when he visits the studio in "The Reluctant Dragon"



The Reluctant Dragon

The Dragon is a mild monster who likes poetry, picnics and other harmless pursuits. Sir Giles and the Dragon take such a fancy to each other when they are introduced (at a picnic) that they decide their fight must be a faked one. All this is out of Kenneth Graham's famous short story. In the new Disney picture Robert Benchley visits the studio to tell Disney he ought to make a film of the story. After various adventures Benchley tracks Disney to the projection room, only to find that his friend has just made that very film



Sir Giles, the Dragon-Killer



Baby Weems

Baby Weems is the leading player of the third cartoon section in "The Reluctant Dragon." This horrid little prodigy could talk at two days old, wrote a symphony in his cot, conducted it after breakfast, told Einstein how to simplify relativity, and bewildered Bernard Shaw

Standing By ...

(Continued)-

overhead, and the assurance of instant death on discovery.

Shock

"VALMY," so called from the first military victory of the French Revolution, incidentally takes a unique line. In a series of ten commandments rhymed like those familiar to every devout French nursery occur the couplets:

La B.B.C. écouteras
Chaque jour avidement.

Radio-Paris laisseras,
Car il est boche assurément.

To find somebody actually urging people to listen to them—no wonder the boys at Broadcasting House look a bit dazed.

Innovation

ITALIAN war prisoners employed on the land have shown Midland farmers a better and quicker method of stooking wheat, a Ministry of Agriculture official has stated. It is a sort of development of the Welch method, another thing we don't know about in the South.

Down our way wheat-stooks—six or seven sheaves tent-wise—haven't altered much, we guess, since the Italians first paid us a visit under Cæsar. Our favourite hayfield oath was, then as now, "By Job"—which has no reference to the Hebrew Patriarch but is the name of a powerful Saxon fairy—we often have flaxen hair and blue eyes, we used the last oxen in England to plough as late as 1915, we have no great objection to tractors and use them constantly, silos strike us as interesting but a bit new-fangled, like electric or petrol-driven milkers, and we left off actively practising witchcraft—e.g. the ritual sacrificing of a black cock at midnight by the village "wise woman," whose incantations occasionally got hair-raising

results, they say—only some seventy years ago. You might therefore describe us generally as conservative but not stubborn, though rightly dubious of the efforts of dark and fiery foreigners, Welch, Italian or otherwise. (Incidentally Cobbett gave us low marks for our rye, which he said was worse than anything the Continent could grow. Our corn and barley he rated alpha-plus.) And as for academic agricultural slickers down from Town...

Well, as for some of these bright, fussy boys, we have a formula down South against which the most bounding, energetic master-wills of the ages have broken, like water on granite. "Mubbe soã, mubbe noã," is that formula, and we defy you to find a better safeguard.

Enigma

Too many letters are being written by the Island Race, cried an anguished citizen to the *Daily Telegraph* the other day. If ten million people cut out one letter a day, he cried, it would save the Post Office from having to stagger round with 300 million letters a month.

The impartial observer will doubt, to begin with, if these letters are terribly interesting. Have you ever asked yourself frankly—we often have—what on earth the Race find to write to each other about so indefatigably? We once had a furious argument about this with an American thinker who held on general principles that the average British letter begins "Dear Mother (Uncle, Babs, or Tiny),—My legs are as cold as marble from the feet up so I think I must be dead." We pointed out hotly to this sneering foreigner that his ignorance of the major spiritual preoccupations of the Race was appalling, and that the average British letter almost certainly begins (and maybe ends) with a recital of batting-averages.

A Divorce-Court lawyer incidentally told us once that when incriminating letters are read aloud in Court their most exciting emotional passages are always skipped, by an unwritten law; namely the passages in which some guilty, frantic British lover covers page after frenzied page with discussions of a late cut by Bradman or a tricky ball from Larwood.

Toy

MUSICAL-BOXES, next to the study of wine and forgery, were the principal hobby of A. J. A. Symons, lately-deceased Secretary of the Wine and Food Society and brilliant biographer of the strange Baron Corvo. Symons agreed with us more than once that there can't be much wrong with a man who collects old musical-boxes, a charming and blameless preoccupation, like eating apple-dumplings (which moved Coleridge or somebody to the same conclusion).

Those silvery tinklings, those dainty trills of Rameau and Daquin, that delicious melancholy which always hangs about them together with the faint ghosts of old fragrances, pomander and orris and lavender, have been known to bring tears in the year 1938 to the eyes of even a wealthy advertising mogul, reminding him of lost innocence and a vanished Golden Age of radiant—if you can imagine it in such a case—childhood. What we find difficult to understand is how in the 18th century, when the musical-box was a popular grown-up toy all over Europe and stood in every smart beauty's boudoir, the 18th century managed to be as wicked as it was. (Even in this country it was a wicked age, if one is to believe Richardson and Hogarth and Smollett and the *Newgate Calendar*. What it must have been like abroad... but one can hardly discuss such things in Mrs. Podsnap's presence.)

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Good idea, ain't it, mate? They blacks themselves out around 'ere, as well as the winders"

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Was and Her Mistress Pose for the Camera

A Charming June Bride

New Photographs of Lord Reading's Daughter-in-Law

Lady Erleigh, who was formerly Miss Margot Irene Duke, married Viscount Erleigh, the only son and heir of the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, last June. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Duke, of Brockham Warren, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey. Lord Erleigh is a Lieutenant in the Bays, and was awarded the M.C. for distinguished service in France last year. Lady Erleigh is on the reserve of the A.T.A., and is the holder of an "A" licence. She is at present staying with her parents in the country



Viscountess Erleigh on the Stairs

Ann Todd

With Her Children, David and Francesca

Ann Todd is the actress wife of Squadron-Leader Nigel Tangye, R.A.F.O. She has just finished work on her most important film-role yet, in *Ships With Wings*, a picture which concerns the Fleet Air Arm, and is set in England and America. Leslie Banks, John Clements, and Jane Baxter are also in the cast. Ann Todd, after several years on the stage, began her film career in 1931. She has recently completed *Danny Boy*, in which she plays her first role as film-mother. The Tangyes live at Woking with David Malcolm, Ann Todd's son by her first husband, and little Francesca Tangye, born in 1940. Miss Todd also finds time to entertain the troops, and not long ago joined with John Clements and Constance Cummings in concerts for the Navy and Air Force. Squadron-Leader Tangye, well known in civil aviation before the war, is the successful author of *Teach Yourself to Fly*, a book which so much pleased Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands that he wrote to the writer to say how much it had helped him in solo flying.

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Signed photographs of famous people look down from the walls of Ann Todd's room in her Woking home. A copy of her first broadcast contract and Prince Bernhard's letter to her husband can also be seen in the picture

David tells his mother a secret of the greatest importance. He is Ann Todd's son by her first marriage to Victor Malcolm

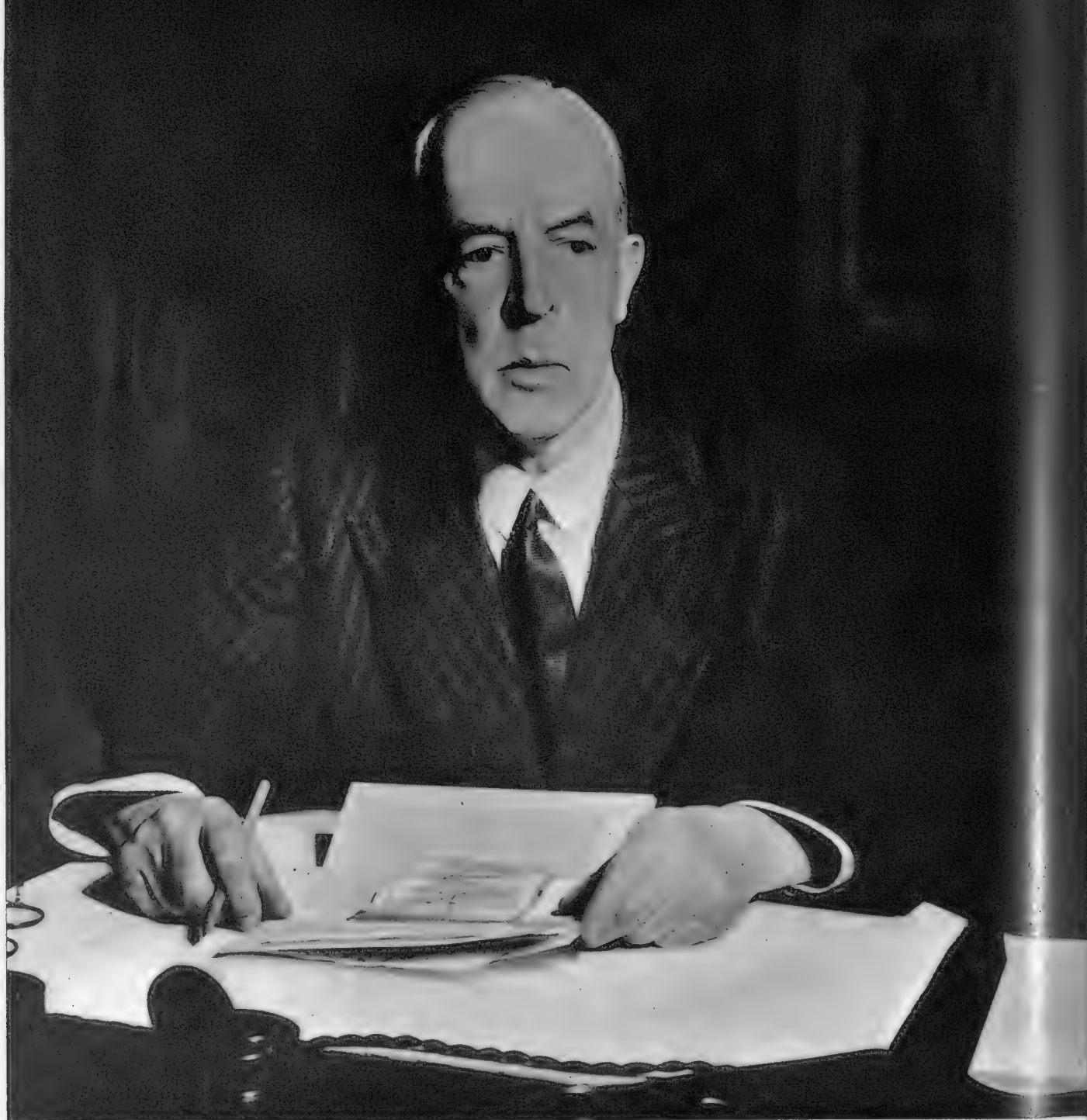
Ann Francesca Tangye, who will soon be celebrating her first birthday, is well looked after by her elder brother, David





There is a strong family likeness in the gay smiles of Francesca and her mother. Ann Todd, in spite of her other activities, manages to devote plenty of time to her children, who look as if they appreciated it

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Mr. Geoffrey Dawson is leaving the Editor's desk in Printing House Square this month. So far he has made no decision about his own future: he has sent his successor, the present Assistant Editor, on holiday and has been too busy to plan for himself. He has a home, Langeliffe Hall, in Yorkshire, a wife who was the late Lord Wenlock's younger daughter, a son who comes of age this year, and two daughters

Leaders of Opinion

No. 1. The Editor of "The Times"

Only on the rarest occasions does the head of one of the greatest of British institutions emerge from the austere anonymity which veils all who work and write for *The Times*. Few of that newspaper's addicts—most *Times* subscribers are far more than mere readers—could on the spur of the moment give the name of its Editor. But recently the veil was lifted, and on the main news page of the issue of July 18th appeared the name of Mr. Geoffrey Dawson. The occasion was the announcement of Mr. Dawson's impending retirement, and of the appointment of his successor, Mr. R. M. Barrington-Ward, D.S.O., M.C. Mr. Dawson began his career in the Colonial Office, and then was private secretary to Lord Milner in South Africa for four years. From 1905 until 1910 he was Editor of the *Johannesburg Star*. Two years later he became Editor of *The Times*. During Lord Northcliffe's ownership he left the paper (in the interval was Estates Bursar of All Souls, of which he is a Fellow, and also Secretary to the Rhodes Trust in 1921-2), returning to the Editor's desk in 1923. Mr. Dawson has thus been responsible for the editorial policy of *The Times* during the first and part of the second World Wars, and for most of the troubled interlude of peace between them. Posterity will assess *The Times'* contribution to the course of events during those years: no one will deny that in influence and prestige it stands now as high as at any moment of its 156 years of life

Holding conference with Mr. Dawson below are the Assistant Manager, Mr. Frank T. Bishop, and the Manager, Mr. Chris Kent, C.B.E. Mr. Kent joined "The Times" staff in 1921, and became manager in 1937



With Silent Friends

By Christopher St. John

A Gorgeous Spectacle

MODESTY is not the quality one immediately associates with the name of Sitwell. The three gifted writers who have made it a household word in literary circles for the last twenty years have never shown any reluctance to blow their own or each other's trumpet. Yet what could be more modest than the claim Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell makes for his latest book, *Valse des Fleurs*? (Faber; 5s.). "It is intended as diversion, or light reading, for an hour or two. No more than that." Well, Haydn, Mozart, and many other less eminent eighteenth-century composers composed works which were intended only for the diversion of their aristocratic patrons while they dined, yet they had a permanent musical value. It is strange, but true, that what is called "light" often deserves to be taken more seriously than what is called "serious." Although this literary "*Valse des Fleurs*" runs on as light feet as the valse by Tchaikowsky, from which it takes its name, it is not to be taken lightly. It is a scholarly book. Only a scholar, who has made industrious researches into the history of Russia under the Tsars, could have written it. Great learning is manifest in Mr. Sitwell's vivid word-paintings of Russian palaces, Russian uniforms, Russian Court ceremonies, Russian State jewels—of all the splendour that was imperial Russia, rivalling, if not surpassing, the splendour that was imperial Rome.

It is a winter morning in St. Petersburg early in 1868. "We choose that year," Mr.

Sitwell tells the readers who are to accompany him on a tour of the city, often to be interrupted by flights to Moscow and the countryside, "because we would have it in a time of peace before the Russo-Turkish war, and in the era of the crinoline before Sedan." Also because we would have it in the reign of Alexander II., when the luxury of the Russian Court was at its height. "The writer, or, if you like, the reader, is to be a disembodied guest, who sees and is not seen, who goes everywhere. If this is agreed, we will worry no more about the classic unities, the conventions of when and how and where, but begin straightway."

I can mention only a few of our experiences before we come to the most marvellous of the lot—a ball at the Winter Palace. In the morning we wander about, sight-seeing, under the typical pale green northern sky of winter. Our guide asks us to notice that the very air has character. As we pass the Admiralty, he points out its great length. Its main façade is four hundred and fifty yards long. It is brightly painted and has a gilded spire. Our guide has much to tell us about the Russian classical architecture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was the use of painted stucco which gave it originality. How bright it looks against the snow. We hear of the foreign architects Cameron, Quarenghi, Rastrelli, Rossi, and others, who in the Russian atmosphere, developed a characteristically Russian style. The same might be said of the foreign ballet-masters who trained the pupils at the Imperial School of Dancing.

In the afternoon, refreshed by luncheon at Donon's, zakuska, caviar, dried sturgeon, raw smoked goose and other delicacies as characteristically Russian as the long red linen coats of the waiters, we attend a military review in the square of the Winter Palace. Forty thousand men of the Russian Imperial Guard march or ride past the Tsar. Our guide has much to tell us about the history of their diverse uniforms. Every sartorial freak of militarism seems to be represented. Last of all come the Pavlovski, the snub-nosed regiment founded by the mad Tsar, Paul I., and confined to men who possessed his Kalmuck features.

Dazzled by this display of military pomp, deafened by the clangorous music of military bands, we leave the square, turn a corner, and find ourselves in the Névski Prospekt. This famous street is three miles long. At one end gorgeous palaces and granite quays; at the other, shabby shops and vodka cellars. This is a city of Dives and Lazarus. In those cellars we catch a glimpse of men "sunk to the level of brutes, and women all in rags, neither men nor women looking any more like human beings, all filthy, drinking at long deal tables, black with dirt." But there is a ball at the Winter Palace to-night. Dives, not Lazarus, is our concern. The Tsars had an income which was estimated in 1914 at twelve million pounds a year.

The splendours of the ball must be seen through Mr. Sitwell's eyes to be believed, and perhaps not even then. After gazing at so much beyond belief, it does not seem to us beyond belief that when the lights were extinguished, myriads of wax lights, and the guests were gone, we heard a waltz which was not written at the time the ball took place. This world is so fantastic that anything might happen in it. The strains of the "*Valse des Fleurs*"—Mr. Sitwell can conjure up sounds in words as well as sights, and that is a far rarer feat of magic—help us to savour the essence of the spirit and character of old Russia he has distilled in the 150 pages of his "diversion." I stick to my opinion that



A Second Exhibition of Firemen's Art Opened by Mr. Herbert Morrison at Burlington House

An interesting collection of paintings by members of the A.F.S. is on show at Burlington House. The exhibition was opened by Mr. Morrison, who is seen above with Major F. W. Jackson, Chief Commander London Fire Force, beside the latter's fine portrait by Mr. Norman Hepple. A former A.F.S. exhibition, seen in London last March, has since been to Canada and the U.S.A., and the present one, which is on a rather more ambitious scale, is expected to follow its predecessor. Besides many scenes of fire havoc, there are interesting portraits and a number of humorous drawings contributed by about 100 artists.

The gallant work of the Auxiliary Fire Service during the big raids this spring is pictured in many of the exhibits at the Royal Academy. Bernard Hailstone, a member of Woolwich A.F.S., was photographed with his study of a dockland fire. Mr. P. Dessau's series of four pictures depicting different stages in fire-fighting, and "House Collapsing on Two Firemen," by Mr. Leonard Rosoman, bought for the nation's war record, attracted much attention. Many of the sketches were actually made while bombs were dropping, and besides reflecting the various artists' personal impressions recorded on the spot, have great documentary value.

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

it is more than that, and that it has to be read with intense concentration.

Some New Novels

THE hero of Taylor Caldwell's new historical novel, *The Earth is the Lord's* (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is Jenghiz (or Genghis) Khan. The son of the chief of a petty Mongolian tribe, he became one of the greatest conquerors the world has ever seen. His armies were successful everywhere, from the China Sea to the banks of the Dnieper. But the vast empire he created had no stability. It soon crumbled away. Although Miss Caldwell's novel is very long (the vogue of long novels, which I believe that best-seller *Antony Adverse* started, is by no means over), it deals only with the first part of the career of Temujin. (This was the name his father gave him. The other was conferred on him by his subjects after his first victories.) An historical note, giving a few dates, would have been useful to readers who have forgotten all they ever knew about Jenghiz Khan. Instead we have a note, denying the resemblance between him and Hitler. Miss Caldwell evidently anticipates we may detect.

"He knew now the paralysing, psychological force of terror. His spies went among weaker and even stronger tribes, and whispered that there was something supernatural, something mystical and not to be resisted in Temujin, Khan of the Mongols."

That is only one of many passages which must inevitably bring Hitler to the reader's mind.

The story is packed with exciting incidents, some imaginary, some historical, and the characters are well realised. But I fear Miss Caldwell's diffuse style (she almost invariably uses a dozen words where one would do) will tax the patience of some readers. It being impossible to reproduce faithfully the manner in which Mongolians talked in the twelfth century, no one would have blamed Miss Caldwell for modernising the dialogue. But she has preferred to give it an archaic flavour by peppering it with "thou" and "thee," "hath" and "doth," and other obsolete parts of speech. This increases our difficulty in bridging the gulf between the twelfth century and the twentieth.

"THE CAPTAIN OF CONNECTICUT," by C. S. Forester (Joseph; 8s. 6d.), also has an historical background. The captain, however, is a fictitious character. Mr. Forester writes of the days when America was defending her newly-won independence against Great Britain. The little American Navy seemed but a puny adversary for the British Navy which had captured or shut up in port all the other navies of the world, but largely owing to the skill of American captains in handling and fighting the old broadside sailing frigate, it scored many victories. Mr. Forester is a master of describing naval actions, and for his account of the one between the *Delaware* and the *Calypso* alone, this story

is worth reading. But it has many other attractions. I recommend it warmly to all who like reading about ships and ships' companies and naval battles. Captain Peabody is a great creation.

THE title of Miss Adeline Rumsey's novel, *No Time For To-day* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), needs some explanation. I hope mine is correct—that it refers to the pre-occupation of the three sisters, who are the chief characters in the story, with the past and the future, particularly with the past when their mother was alive. What Mama would think, what Mama would like, what Mama would not like—even eleven years after her death, her daughters find these speculations more interesting than anything else. "I'm fed up with Mama!" the youngest cries in a moment of exasperation with the family obsession. The reader's temptation to say ditto is great. Still these Mama-haunted daughters are interesting characters, and their New York background is interesting too. A clever, if depressing novel, but inordinately long. That "hustle," supposed to be an American characteristic, is not to be detected in Miss Rumsey's way of telling a story.

Two War Books

IN *I Came Out of France* (Routledge; 7s. 6d.) Miss Cicely Mackworth describes her escape from Paris last year when the German motorised columns were approaching the city. Many other personal narratives with the same theme have been published, but I have not read one in the same street

as Miss Mackworth's. She seems never to have been too much dazed by harrowing experiences to observe people and things closely, and her record of her journey through France to the Spanish frontier, which took two months, is calm, clear and precise. She explains in the first chapter something which has always puzzled me—the failure of the municipal authorities to organise a general evacuation of Paris when the decision it was not to be defended was taken. The city was in a state of chaos owing to the thousands of refugees from Belgium who had been pouring into it for three weeks.

"On June 1st King Leopold capitulated, leaving the French and English armies trapped in Flanders. Immediately the Belgian refugees became enemies. The entire French population got acute spy mania, and on several occasions foreigners were lynched in the streets."

The panic of the wretched Belgians, crowding the stations, trying to get away, made an orderly evacuation impossible. The chaos and misery of France in those days are enough to account for the feeling of relief with which many people heard of the Armistice. "The news of capitulation meant the end of a nightmare." Miss Mackworth by that time had reached Nantes:

"I understood the mentality of the people of Nantes all the better because I was very near to sharing it. When you are very tired, patriotism and other ideals come to mean much less than the more urgent problems of how to secure food and shelter. But I at least was alone, and had only myself to think of. I did not know the anguish of women whom I saw clasping children like little skeletons, half-unconscious with fatigue."

To see the French people through Miss Mackworth's observant eyes at the time of their great national catastrophe is to arrive at a more sympathetic comprehension of their reactions to it. Something gained.

I WONDER how many people I remember what happened in 1939 and 1940. How long ago it seems since Mr. Chamberlain returned from Munich with a scrap of paper. Miss Hilde Marchant includes that event in her survey of the war up to the time of the French capitulation, *Women and Children Last* (Gollancz; 6s.). Hilde Marchant, "the star woman reporter in Fleet Street," has the pen of a ready writer. But of the art of writing we may say that the readiness is *not* all. Seldom have I been more aware of a subtle and indefinable distinction between journalism and literature than when I was reading this book. "Lest we forget," however, it ought to be read. It may be of great value to historians of the war. I leave it to them to check the accuracy of its facts. Surely the prize chow, found in a filthy condition in the kitchen of the German embassy after the departure of ambassador and staff, could not have been Ribbentrop's, as Miss Marchant says. Ribbentrop was not Germany's ambassador here when the war broke out.



Mrs. Cowan Dobson

Cowan Dobson made this charcoal drawing of his wife and favourite model. He recently held a one-man exhibition in the North, the proceeds of which went to the Red Cross

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Graham—Worrall

Sec.-Lieut. Patrick Lynedoch Graham, R.A., second son of the late J. M. Graham, and Mrs. Graham, of Capetown, and Evelyn Jane Worrall, only daughter of the late Major E. W. Worrall, and Mrs. E. C. Gillespie, of Priors Lodge, Blagdon Hill, Taunton, Somerset, were married at Pitminster Parish Church



Livingstone—Pullen

Capt. A. R. W. Livingstone, Oxford and Bucks. L.I., son of Sir Richard Livingstone, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Lady Livingstone, and Sylvia Mary Pullen, daughter of the late Frank Pullen, of Rosekandy, Assam, and Mrs. Pullen, of 26, Frenchay Rd., Oxford, were married at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford

Barbara Vidal Heriz-Smith was married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, to Captain John Campbell Donne Jarrard, Royal Fusiliers, only son of Lady Jarrard, of Elsham, Brigg, Lincs. She is the younger daughter of Col. Heriz-Smith, of Oakleigh, East Grinstead, Sussex



Lenare

Mrs. J. C. D. Jarrard



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Paul Treadgold

Heather Mackenzie, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. F. Mackenzie, of Fieldways, Minchinhampton, Glos., was married at Minchinhampton to Paul Henry Treadgold, A.R.I.B.A., son of Group-Capt. and Mrs. H. A. Treadgold, of Hilher Deacons, Elstree, Herts.



Blomefield—Crofton

Sec.-Lieut. Peregrine Maitland Blomefield, Royal Signals, second son of the late Lieut.-Col. Wilmot Blomefield, and Mrs. Blomefield, of Gerrard's Cross, Bucks., and Angela Catherine Crofton, youngest daughter of Major G. H. S. Crofton, of Estate House, Heytesbury, and Mrs. Crofton, of 3a, Rawlinson Road, Oxford, were married at Trinity College Chapel

Captain David Edward Long-Price, only son of the late A. S. Long-Price, of Kandy, Ceylon, and Mrs. Savary, of 7, Lybiatt Terrace, Cheltenham, and Barbara Mary Tufts, only daughter of Mrs. Tufts, of the Hall, Westley, Newmarket, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

(Concluded on page 385)



Long-Price—Tufts

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Bottle of Hay

... And the needle inside was the winner of the substitute St. Leger of 1941. The puzzle will have been solved by the time this sees the light of day; it has to be written before the result is known.

It cannot have been easy for the most astute to solve the riddle of the St. Simon Stakes, that most intriguing gallop in public at Newmarket on August 29th, in which all, bar one, of those we believed were the top of the heap were engaged. The distance was a quarter of a mile short of that of the substitute Leger, which, in its turn, was 132 yards short of the real distance—namely, the Doncaster one, which is 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards. The problem was, I think, made additionally complicated by the absence of Château Larose, which colt, unless everyone was wrong, must have beaten Mazarin at Newbury in that 1 mile 5 furlongs Andover Plate on August 8th, when Mazarin, giving 4 lb., finished a neck and a head in front of Thoroughfare, who is the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's second string, Owen Tudor, her Derby winner, naturally, being her first. This fact had to be borne in mind by all who wanted to weigh up the respective chances of Mazarin and Owen Tudor, and was only partially counterbalanced by Mazarin's quick endorsement of his Newbury win by a very convincing success over 1 mile 6 furlongs in the Trial Stakes at Salisbury, when, giving 12 lb., he beat Devonian three lengths (another 9 lb.).

When they meet in this St. Simon Stakes, 1½ miles at level weights, Devonian runs second, only beaten half a length by Newmarket's white-haired colt, Sun Castle, whose S.P. was 100 to 7, an unduly short price in view of his public performances; and Mazarin is third, half a length behind Devonian, Owen Tudor, who lay out of his ground far too long, a close-up fourth.

A False Pace?

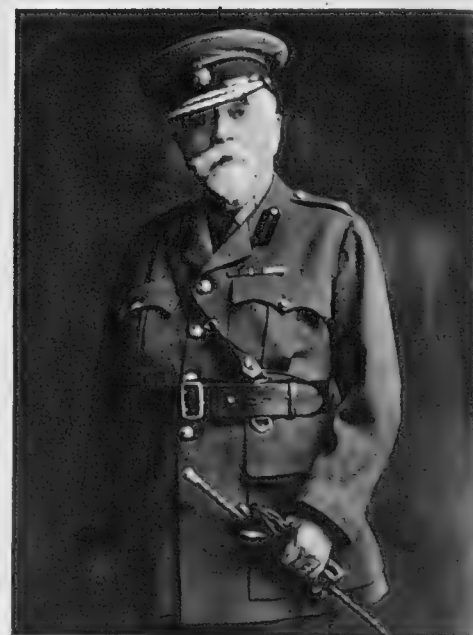
It was said that the Derby winner was short of a gallop. This may be so, but personally I do not believe that this is the real explanation. I suggest that the St. Simon Stakes was false-run, and when the pace is wrong, anything can happen. Set the wrong pace and you could turn even the Cesarewitch into a 5-furlong sprint. Mazarin's jockey is alleged to have said that, if the pace had been stronger, he might have won. If this allegation is true, why did he not at once interfere with the loitering, which undoubtedly took place? Surely the obvious thing, when you find that someone is having the race run to suit his own book, and you know that you have a true stayer between your knees, is to go out and cut the lot down.

In the case of Owen Tudor, Nevett left himself with much too far to come, and when he did turn the tap on full, found, as he was almost bound to do, that the cistern ran out very quickly. Owen Tudor lay last for a very long way. He, like Mazarin, is a true stayer. The only other possible explanation of his performance is that he may have turned sour, a thing with which no one can compete, but we have not heard any suggestions of his being that sort. Anyway, this year's Leger was a pretty pond in which to fish, and whatever the book has said may have been completely falsified.

The only thing certain at Newbury was His Majesty's Big Game.

Simla

FOR the first time in its bizarre history the Hill Capua of India is the focal point in important major operations of war, and as an old bird of passage who has nested at various moments in that 7000 ft.



Alfred V. Day

Sir Henry Mather Mather-Jackson

A well-known and very popular Monmouthshire personality is Sir Henry Mather-Jackson, Lord Lieutenant of the County. He succeeded his father as third Baronet in 1881, and married in 1886 a daughter of the late General E. A. Somerset, M.P. A barrister by profession, Sir Henry has for many years been a leader of public and social life in Monmouthshire, and has occupied several administrative positions in the county.

high eyrie, I should dearly love to be there now and watch how she is standing up to it.

Simla's history as a Hill Capua, summer capital of the Indian Empire, only starts from 1862. As the Venusberg of the Himalayas, a title which I take much pride in having bestowed upon her, I feel that she is of much earlier origin, and must date back to times when you might have evaded those phantom rickshaws, about which Kipling thought he knew, but did not—at least, not the uncomfortable spectres of them which no doubt are so familiar to many.

General Wavell is stated to be "extremely busy," and I am sure that we can take this as absolutely true. Many people who have



Amongst those who went racing at Phoenix Park were Miss Grace Carroll, daughter of Mr. J. M. Carroll, the Irish tobacco magnate, Lieutenant J. Stewart, 9th Lancers, and Miss Dorothy Farrell



Mr. Waring Willis, Ireland's leading amateur rider, whose father won the Rathmines Plate at the meeting with Magrew, is seen talking to Lieut. G. J. Cotton, R.N.V.R., and Mrs. Cotton



Mr. Pierce Synnott came with Mrs. Synnott and his sister, Mrs. McDermott. His father was Mr. Nicholas Synnott, a director of the Bank of Ireland. Mrs. Synnott is a daughter of the late Sir Abe Bailey

A Recent Race Meeting at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

sojourned in that mountain fairyland have, at various times, firmly believed that *they* have been busy and doubtless in their way they have been: but now someone is really so and we have had very tangible evidence in the immediate past that when this particular officer is busy the fur is going to fly somewhere. Watch out!

A Queer Mixture

A HILL Capua and a Venusberg put into a casserole make a piquant and rather dainty dish. Capua is all Departments and Departments heavy as the stodgiest suet dumpling: Venusberg is gay butterfly by day, giddy moth by night. The inhabitants of Capua, as I know full well, often found it very difficult not to behave in exactly the same way as the inhabitants of the Venusberg, and no one could blame them in that almost uncanny atmosphere, with the eternal bouche-fermée hum of the hills, and the heavy piny scent of those wicked, whispering old deodars, who know so many people's secrets.

Simla is a place where Red Tape and Repression walk hand in hand along the same bejewelled strip of herbage as Red Riot and Ruddy Risk—if you catch the idea—and is as I say a mixture of suet dumplings and the lightest of soufflé omelettes au rhum! Those terrible official feasts; everyone talking prunes and prisms with their otherwise quite comely countenances made hideous and distorted by the official grin or smirk, that painful muscular contraction which in time becomes quite permanent. Even that extremely good-looking person the Director General of the Sealing Wax and Stamps Department was compelled to adopt it when in the vicinity of the other Olympians, and also in the presence of His Hon. Missis, who was the eldest daughter of the thirty-third Earl of Cavesson and, strange to add, endowed with what is called a "packet." She was at least eight years older than Sir Homfray, the D.G. aforesaid, and you could have struck a match on any part of her. Starch was crêpe de Chine by comparison! She had, as you remember, brother, a shrewd suspicion that Homfray had once been to a Waves and Billows party at a place called The Chalet, but in this case she was not a good guesser!



Boat-hook Technique: The R.A.F. Afloat. By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

You need a nice sense of balance to be boat-hook man on an R.A.F. motor-launch. On coming alongside a ship or pier, the drill and practice is: feet apart, arms above the head, boat-hook aloft at right angles to the keel. A slight collision or a heavy sea, and a pretty performance becomes an undignified proceeding. In this picture the officer aboard is an Air Vice-Marshal. His striped pennant is flown for'ard. The shorts are as worn (with heavy boots) in the Mediterranean

The Path Perilous

SO many in Simla have tried to tread it—most have slipped up, but a few have succeeded with a bit of a skid. Homfray (aforesaid), for all his wit, made a failure of it. She was the wife of about the nastiest thing that ever was produced by a public

school and a 'Varsity. It was all goggles, green teeth and dirty long hair. She was said to have come from the same province as Laval, but none the less she was very poetic. It was a chuprassi, a minion who carries Honourable Masters' office boxes, and who had been given the sack, who caused all the to-do. He abstracted a far too French garter in a pastel shade of blue, and a letter which had some verse in it, something of Jean Richepin's on Constance which she had copied out. It made reference to *une coquille creuse* and how it eternally retained the echo of the voice of its lover, the sea! Very charming, of course, but most embarrassing.

Simla will always be like that, I suppose, and anyone who may travel by that elfin-infested Long Road from Annandale, a bosky dell where are the racecourse and the polo ground, is bound to meet the spectres of those many faithless ones who have sworn by the inconstant moon that constancy is their long suit. It is also quite likely that they may meet a leopard. I think personally I should prefer the leopard to some spectres into whom one might bump.

A Loss to Fleet Street

THE death of Mr. Percy Cave is mourned by a vast number of people in Fleet Street and in the world of books, who will miss a most pleasant personality and friend. He was a director of Eyre and Spottiswoode, Publishers, and had been with the main organisation for fifty years. Percy Cave was most particularly connected with the publication of many very notable books on sport, hunting and polo mostly.



Permanent Staff, Light A.-A. Practice Camp, Somewhere in England

Left to right (seated): Captains C. F. Ackland, A. C. Steel, M.C., Major H. Essex Lewis, D.C.M., Brigadier C. R. Gover, D.S.O. (Commandant), S.S. J. Murray, A.T.S., Captains R. Haysey (Adjutant), O. H. Brock, D. T. Davies; (standing) Captain W. C. Boyes, Lieut. H. G. Miller (D.O.I.G.), Captain J. Caplan (M.O.), Lieuts. T. P. Hughes, P. M. S. Latham, C. H. Walsh, H. M. Jameson, Sec.-Lieut. R. A. Soames

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

The Chaser

By John Collier

Illustration by Anna Zinkeisen

ALAN AUSTEN, as nervous as a kitten, went up certain dark and creaky stairs in the neighbourhood of Pell Street, and peered about for a long time on the dim landing before he found the name he wanted written obscurely on one of the doors.

He pushed open this door, as he had been told to do, and found himself in a tiny room which contained no furniture but a plain kitchen table, a rocking-chair and an ordinary chair. On one of the dirty buff-coloured walls were a couple of shelves, containing in all perhaps a dozen bottles and jars.

An old man sat in the rocking-chair, reading a newspaper. Alan, without a word, handed him the card he had been given. "Sit down, Mr. Austen," said the old man very politely. "I am glad to make your acquaintance."

"Is it true," asked Alan, "that you have a certain mixture that has—er—quite extraordinary effects?"

"My dear sir," replied the old man, "my stock-in-trade is not very large—I don't deal in laxatives and teething mixtures—but such as it is, it is varied, and I think nothing I sell has effects which could be precisely described as ordinary."

"Well, the fact is—" began Alan.

"Here, for example," interrupted the old man, reaching for a bottle from the shelf, "Here is a liquid as colourless as water, almost tasteless, quite imperceptible in coffee, milk, wine or any other beverage. It is also quite imperceptible to any known method of autopsy."

"Do you mean it is a poison?" cried Alan, very much horrified.

"Call it a glove-cleaner, if you like," said the old man indifferently. "Maybe it will clean gloves. I have never tried. One might call it a life-cleaner. Lives need cleaning sometimes."

"I want nothing of that sort," said Alan.

"Probably it is just as well," said the old man. "Do you know the price of this? For one teaspoonful, which is sufficient, I ask five thousand dollars. Never less. Not a penny less."

"I hope all your mixtures are not as expensive," said Alan apprehensively.

"Oh dear, no," said the old man. "It would be no good charging that sort of price for a love-potion, for example. Young people who need a

love-potion very seldom have five thousand dollars. Otherwise they would not need a love-potion."

"I am glad to hear that," said Alan.

"I look at it like this," said the old man. "Please a customer with one article, and he will come back when he needs another. Even if it is more costly. He will save up for it if necessary."

"So," said Alan, "you really do sell love-potions?"

"If I did not sell love-potions," said the old man, reaching for another bottle, "I should not have mentioned the other matter to you. It is only when one is in a position to oblige that one can afford to be so confidential."

"And these potions," said Alan, "they are not just—just—er—"

"Oh, no," said the old man. "Their effects are permanent, and extend far beyond the mere carnal impulse. But they include it. Oh, yes, they include it. Bountifully. Insistently. Everlastingly."

"Good!" said Alan.

"But consider the spiritual side," said the old man.

"I do, indeed," said Alan.

"For indifference," said the old man, "they substitute devotion. For scorn,

adoration. Give one tiny measure of this to the young lady—its flavour is imperceptible in orange-juice, soup or cocktails—and however gay and giddy she is, she will change altogether. She will want nothing but solitude, and you."

"I can hardly believe it," said Alan. "She is so fond of parties."

"She will not like them any more," said the old man. "She will be afraid of the pretty girls you may meet."

"She will actually be jealous?" cried Alan in a rapture. "Of me?"

"Yes, she will want to be everything to you."

"She is, already. Only she doesn't care about it."

"She will when she has taken this. She will care intensely. You will be her sole interest in life."

"Wonderful!" cried Alan.

"She will want to know all you do," said the old man. "All that has happened to you during the day. Every word of it. She will want to know what you are thinking about, why you smile suddenly, why you are looking sad."

"That is love!" cried Alan.

"Yes," said the old man. "How carefully she will look after you! She will never allow you to be tired, to sit in a draught, to neglect your food. If you are an hour late she will be terrified. She will think you are killed, or that some siren has caught you."

"I can hardly imagine Diana like that!" cried Alan, overwhelmed with joy.

"You will not have to use your imagination," said the old man. "And, by the way, since there are always sirens, if by any chance you *should*, later on, slip a little, you need not worry. She will forgive you, in the end. She will be terribly hurt, of course, but she will forgive you in the end."

"That will not happen," said Alan fervently.

"Of course not," said the old man. "But, if it did, you need not worry. She would never divorce you. And, of course, she herself will never give you the least, the very least, grounds for—uneasiness."

"And how much," said Alan, "is this wonderful mixture?"

"It is not as dear," said the old man, "as the glove-cleaner, or life-cleaner, as I sometimes call it. No. That is five thousand dollars, never a penny less. One has to be older than you are to indulge in that sort of thing. One has to save up for it."

"But the love-potion?" said Alan.

"Oh, that," said the old man, opening the drawer in the kitchen table and taking out a tiny, rather dirty-looking phial. "That is just a dollar."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am," said Alan, watching him fill it.

"I like to oblige," said the old man. "Then customers come back, later in life, when they are rather better off, and want more expensive things. Here you are. You will find it very effective."

"Thank you, again," said Alan. "Good-bye."

"Au revoir," said the old man.



"Call it a glove-cleaner if you like," said the old man indifferently

THE END.

Getting Married (Continued)



Mathers — White

Lieut. Patrick D. G. Mathers, R.N., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. D. Mathers, of 29, Liberton Gardens, Edinburgh, and Nina White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Leslie White, of Oakleigh, White Hill, Chesham, Bucks., were married at St. Mary's, Chesham



Doble — Sloane

Lt. D. Anderson Doble, R.N.V.R., and Elizabeth Sloane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. L. Sloane, of Doune Quadrant, Glasgow, were married at Wellington Church, Glasgow. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan A. Doble, of 3, Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent



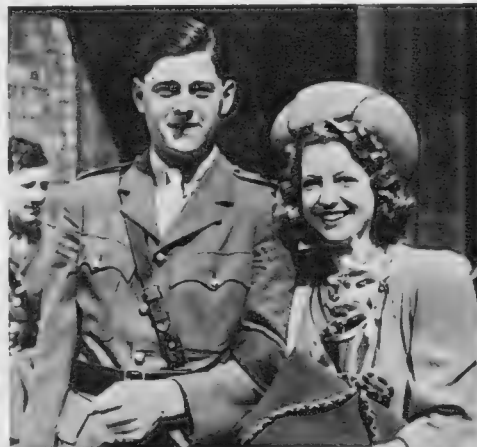
Munro — Allen

Neil Munro and Anne Allen were recently married at Caxton Hall register office. He is a B.B.C. producer, compiles the £250 radio competition for the Red Cross Penny a Week Fund. She is on the stage; was in "New Faces"



Weston — Roche

Sec.-Lieut. John Hartley Weston and Barbara Louise Roche, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. J. Roche, of the Colony, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset, were married at Burnham Catholic Church. He is the son of the late J. Weston, and Mrs. Weston, of Oldham



Reeve — Browne

Sec.-Lieut. Charles Trevor Reeve, 10th Royal Hussars, and Marjorie Browne were married at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent. She is the musical-comedy actress, now playing in "Chu Chin Chow," is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Browne, lives at Sadlers, Haslemere, Surrey



Meadley — Denny

Sec.-Lieut. Laurence W. Meadley, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Meadley, of Eastclyffe, Arcadia, Pretoria, S.A., and Kitty Doris Marie Denny, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McAusland Denny, of Claddoch, Gartocharn, Dumfriesshire, were married at St. Augustine's, Dumfries



Bell, Frome

Wicks — Broome

Lt. James Alastair Edmund Wicks, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. Wicks, of Olive Hall, Burton-on-the-Water, Glos., was married at the Minster Church, Warminster, to Pamela Broome, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. H. Broome, of Nairn House, Bournemouth



Johnson, Oxford

Kingdom — Mellanby

The Reverend H. P. Kingdom, Fellow and Chaplain of Exeter College, Oxford, and Joan Locke Mellanby were married at Oxford. She is the daughter of the late Professor Mellanby, and Mrs. Mellanby, of Oxford



Lewis — Margetson

Captain Edward Daly Lewis, Intelligence Corps, elder son of the late Dr. Ernest Lewis, and Mrs. Lewis, of 30, Weymouth Street, W.1, and Nancy Ruth Margetson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Margetson, of Delbridge House, Wingham, Kent, were married at St. Mary's, Wingham

Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

"SUPPOSE you were advancing through a hail of shrapnel," said the officer, examining a Tommy, "and your right ear was shot off: what would you do?"

"Keep advancing, sir," replied the Tommy smartly.

"That's the spirit," said the General; "and after advancing another fifty yards your left ear is shot away. What would you do then?"

"Stop, sir, for I'd be blind."

"Blind? What do you mean, man?"

"Me tin hat would be covering me eyes, sir."

"MADAM," said the shop assistant, "if you want corned beef you will have to join the Army, and for the Demerara sugar you'll have to join the Navy, and I'm told the R.A.F. are keeping their eggs for Hamm."

"A n' phwat," asked Pat, "is the matter with yer face?"

"Faith," replied Murphy, "'twas an accident. The auld woman throwed a plate at me in the black-out."

"An' d'ye call that an accident?"

"Shure! Didn't she hit phwat she aimed at?"

A CLUB in Scotland meets twice a week. On Monday the members listen to English jokes, and on Saturday they meet to enjoy a hearty laugh.

A MAN went into a pub and asked for a drink.

"Are you a regular customer here, sir?" asked the barman.

"Well, no," replied the thirsty one. "I'm just passing through this town."

"I'm very sorry, sir," was the reply, "but I cannot serve you."

The man went out and tried a second pub.

"Have you a glass with you, sir?" asked the barman, in response to his request for a drink.

"Well, no, I haven't."

"Sorry, sir, but we are only allowed to serve those with their own glasses."

Despondently the man walked out. He tried yet a third time. As he entered the place, he picked up a used glass from a table on his way to the bar. Planting the glass down in front of him he said: "Glass of bitter, please."

The barman shook his head.

"Sorry, sir, not allowed to serve more than one drink to each customer."

A FELLOW got on the bus with a hundred-pound bomb under his arm and sat down.

"What's that you've got on your lap?" asked the conductor.

"It's a delayed-action bomb I'm taking to the police station," came the answer.

"Lumme," said the conductor, "you don't want to carry a thing like that on your lap. Put it under the seat!"

TWO men on a cargo steamer were comparing notes as to their occupations before the war. One had been a porter and the other had been a magician.

The porter said to the magician: "What can you do?"

"I can make things disappear. I'll show you," replied the magician.

Just then a torpedo hit the ship and sank her. The two men were flung into the water. They scrambled on to a raft. The porter looked around with disgust, and seeing no sign of the ship, he said to the magician: "I suppose you think that's funny?"

"WHAT'S the idea — only two prunes?" roared the sergeant.

"You save the stones twice a week till you get a thousand," said the orderly, "and then you know the war has lasted five years all but ten weeks."

NO CIGARETTES
NO TOBACCO
NO MATCHES



"How are you off for snuff?"

AN elderly man approached one of the attendants in a travelling menagerie.

"Can you tell me what the hump on the camel's back is for?" he asked politely.

"Well, it's pretty useful, sir. The old camel wouldn't be much use without it, you know."

"But why not?"

"Why not!" exclaimed the keeper in surprise. "Well, you don't suppose people would pay sixpence to see 'im if 'e 'adn't got an 'ump, do you?"

As the boxer sat in his corner, waiting for the fight to begin, he was full of confidence. Seeing his second looking rather glum, he whispered:

"Cheer up, chum. You know you can count on me."

"I know," said the second, pessimistically, "from one to ten!"

THE cook of the cargo boat was not very popular, and one day he found his seaboots full of pig-wash. He was, however, too wise to say anything about it.

Days went by. Then, unable to keep silence any longer, the bo'sun asked:

"Did you find out who put the pig-wash in your boots, cook?"

"No," replied the cook, with a grin, "but I know who ate it."

THE large and angry-looking woman marched into the china department of a store.

"I've just broken a whole dinner-set over my husband's head," she said curtly, "and I want to replace them."

"Good gracious," gasped the astonished assistant, "did you kill him?"

"Of course not!" snapped the customer. "If I had, I wouldn't need any more dishes, would I?"

"ONCE," said the explorer, "I was so hungry that I dined off my pet parrot."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, very nice."

"Yes, but what did it taste like?"

"Oh, turkey, chicken, wild-duck, plover — that parrot could imitate anything!"



"—and then I got a ten-second burst slap on his tail!"

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE



It rained on St. Swithun's day and the old prophecy has been fulfilled, therefore women are thinking of autumn and early winter clothes. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, are specialising in coats for the slender figure as well as for those who need something that will deal kindly with the rather difficult one, in other words, those that need flattering. Particularly attractive is the Scotch tweed model portrayed above. As will be seen, there is the new sleeve influenced by the dolman characteristics. It is piped with suede and the colour scheme may be described as woodland. The pile or fur fabric coats have their own particular charm. When plain, they are outlined with contrasting colour—grey and blue is decorative



There are many members of the Celanese family, all of which have a world-wide reputation for excellence. The one above is of printed "Celschung." It will be noticed that it is gathered in front, the fullness falling from a nipped-in waistband, with large patch pockets and neat collar. Then it must be remembered that this fabric launders extremely well and may be bought by the yard as well as converted into frocks. Models in British Celanese are made up by well-known dressmakers, many of these were recently shown at the South African Exhibition at the May Fair Hotel. Of course, they were for export only



Simplicity is always the key-note of the fashions at Lillywhites, Piccadilly, and in their autumn-winter collection there is no variation from this rule. Perfectly practical is the outfit shown on this page. It consists of dark blue herring-bone trousers, and a woolly pullover, the scheme being completed with a check tweed jacket. These garments may be bought separately. Then, for altering the colour scheme there are plain tweed coats and jumpers with long and short sleeves. Pleasantly moderate in price are the admirably bed Bedford cotton cord. They have adjustable shoulder straps and cleverly fitted bodices

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Disguised Feelings

HAND me down my false moustache and let me don my detection-defying wig; let me out-Thurston Thurston, sever all connexions between my real self and my disguised self and adopt an accommodation address in Shaftesbury Avenue.

For I am about to loose off a load of literature which, if it were to appear in my own name, would turn my closest friends in the aircraft industry into enemies and cause them to strike me out of their wills—I mean their advertisement appropriations (if any).

Sheltering behind my alias and irresponsibly twirling my false moustache (surely one of the reasons people wear horn-rimmed glasses is precisely this, that it gives them the feeling of being hidden behind a false façade), I am going to say a lot of things I shall be sorry for afterwards; I am going to say what I really think about our new aeroplanes. And it is not what you think I think, you poor pob.

Never, in my real person, would I dare to write what Mr. Picklestooger is about to write. Are you listening, Mr. Aircraft Designer? This is Mr. Picklestooger speaking. (After all, why not give a Quentin Reynolds for my Oliver and use his method in reverse?)

Praise Perfect Praise

SINCE war broke out we have all combined in a tremendous tutti of praise for British aircraft. Every morning before breakfast, as we stand before the mirror with toothbrush poised, we have loyally repeated several seven times out loud: British aircraft are the best in the world. British aircraft are much better than German aircraft. British aircraft are the best in the world.

Then, gargling and spitting into the basin, we have continued on our daily round with the critical faculty just not working. We have

been so conditioned by this aeronautical Couéism that we have been incapable of distinguishing between good and bad aircraft.

Let us look and see what progress has really been made. Let us glance first on this picture of the earlier Spitfire and then on this picture of any of the more recent fighters—Typhoon, Tornado, Whirlwind or Beaufighter.

Let us look on this picture of the earlier Wellington, when it had the Wallis turrets, and then on this picture of a more recent bomber—Stirling, Halifax, Manchester, or what you will.

Does any aerodynamic improvement spring to the eye? If so, what is it? Can we claim that the newer machines have a better line? Can we claim that they are more streamlined? Can we claim that they approach more closely to the ideal aeroplane shape?

The answer is no, no, a thousand times no. The new fighters have the body lines of a blunderbuss; the new bombers look like the Southern Railway rampant. Since the early Spitfire and the early Wellington—and excluding specifically one secret type whose name I must not mention—there has been so far as I know, no new British military aeroplane which represents an advance as an aeroplane.

Let me be explicit; for although my disguised self is ready to accept the abuse that will be evoked by these remarks, it is not prepared to stand abuse for something that has not been said—which is, after all, the more usual kind of abuse.

These new machines may be fine bomb racks, or good cannon carriages, or excellent radio posts, or superb navigating rooms, or admirable leaflet chutes, or efficient torpedo tubes, or suitable camera stands. I express no opinion on those points. I merely state that these new aeroplanes have no apparent merit as aeroplanes.

Soup

THEY have all been given, of course, enormous extra helpings of soup. The older machines had comparatively little soup. Since the earlier model Spitfire horse powers have gone up and will soon have been doubled. But aviators cannot live on soup alone.

Nor is it right—to my mind—that the engine designer should deliver more and more soup, while the aircraft designer provides a less and less ideal tureen for it. Horse powers have gone up and streamlining has gone down in these two intensive years of war. That is the fact which cannot be denied by any one who looks at the evidence.



Prince Visits Bombers

Air Commodore Prince Bernhard and Air Vice-Marshal D.F. Stevenson, A.O.C. of a Bomber Group, were photographed after lunch outside the mess, when the Prince visited various units of the Group

Staff Requirements

I THINK it was true at the beginning of the war that British aircraft were the best in the world. Up to the present they have remained the best in the world. No pilot could look at the earlier Spitfire (the one without the truncated telephone poles sticking out of the leading edge) without knowing instantly that it was a superlatively good aeroplane.

It was good as an aeroplane, and it was good as a military engine. And in the air battle over Britain (it was not, of course, the "Battle of Britain" in the true sense) it was the Spitfire that saved us more than any other machine, because it was called on to deal usually with the high-flying German fighters. One must neutralise the top layers of a formation before the lower layers can be dealt with, and that is exactly what the Spitfires did.

The Spitfire proved as good as it looked directly it went into action. Our newer types, it is true, are proving much better than they look when they go into action. As aeroplanes, I do not think that they are good enough.

I do not apportion the blame. Aircraft designers must, to a large extent, work within the frame presented to them by the Air Staff, and the Air Staff is notoriously unable to distinguish between a good aeroplane and a bad one. The Spitfire and the Wellington owed nothing to the Air Staff.

I do, in absolute seriousness, utter a warning against this complete suspension of the critical faculty in our remarks about our aeroplanes. There is a real danger that if we praise them all indiscriminately and inordinately, we shall be encouraging that very transfer of technical superiority from ourselves to the enemy which would be the most dangerous thing that could possibly happen. We must be critical of these new machines. We must see that where possible they are improved not by souping up, but by shaping up.



D. R. Stewart

Officers of the R.N.A.S.

The first officers to join the R.N.A.S. have been at what is now one of the largest Fleet Air Arm stations since the building started. They are: Lieutenant-Commander (E) W. B. Axford, R.N., Surgeon-Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Roberts, R.N.V.R., Lieutenant-Commander M. Bruce, R.N., Commander (A) J. F. M. Robertson and Lieutenant-Commander A. N. Waring, R.N.

D U N L O P S E R V I C E T O T H E C O U N T R Y A N D I N D U S T R Y

CONVEYOR &
ELEVATOR BELTING
TRANSMISSION BELTING

COAL CUTTER HOSE
SUCTION HOSE
PNEUMATIC PICK HOSE
COKE QUENCHER HOSE

EBONITE MOULDINGS
PUMP LININGS

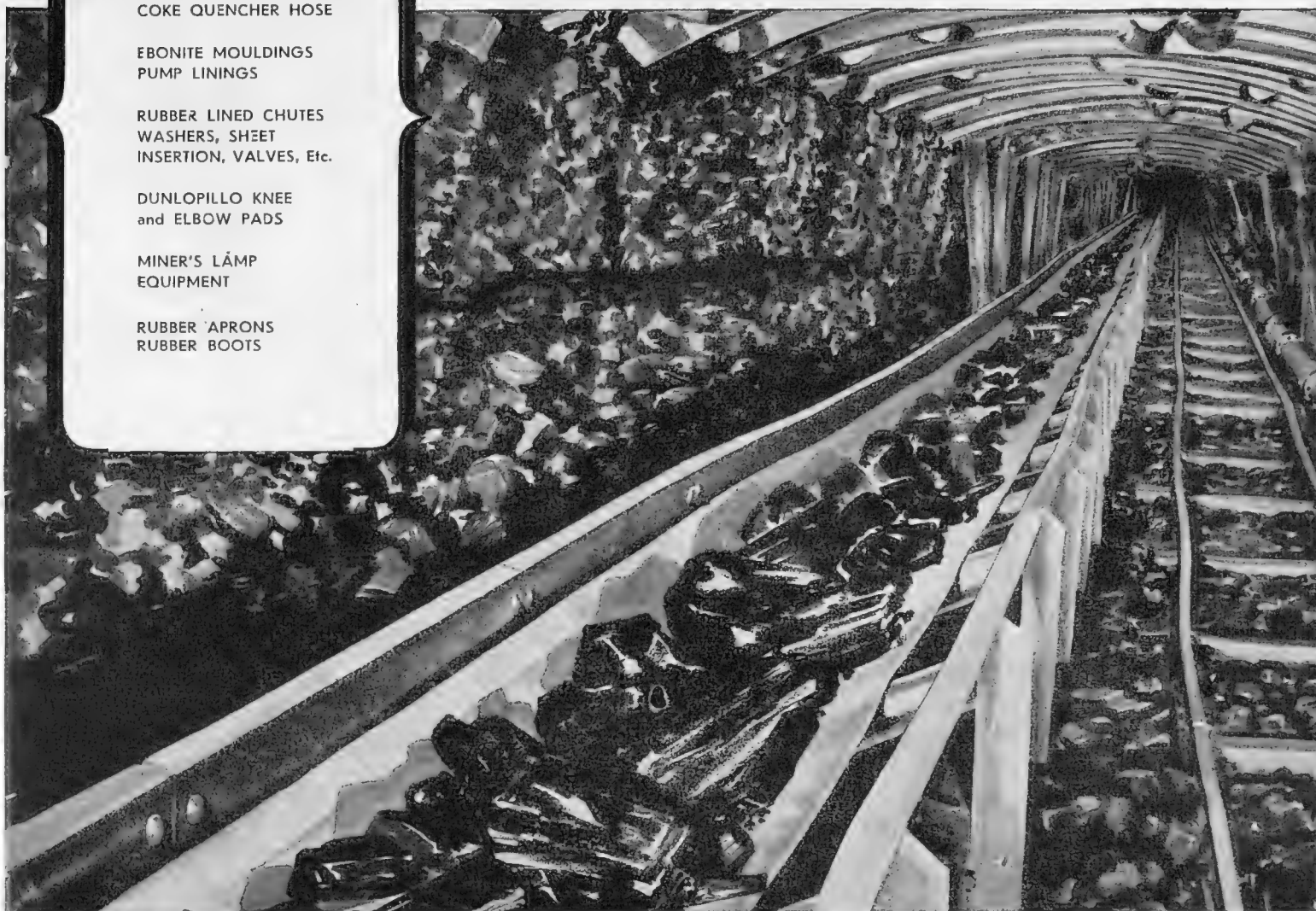
RUBBER LINED CHUTES
WASHERS, SHEET
INSERTION, VALVES, Etc.

DUNLOPILLO KNEE
and ELBOW PADS

MINER'S LAMP
EQUIPMENT

RUBBER APRONS
RUBBER BOOTS

DUNLOP SERVES *Mining*



No phase of industry calls for greater endurance in men and machinery than that of mining. In the supply of rubber equipment, which must survive the most exacting conditions, it is natural that Dunlop should play a leading part.

Dunlop service to mining covers all the usual and many unusual applications of rubber and as well as supplying the innumerable standard rubber products, much of the best Dunlop service is of the "bespoke" class. By "measuring up" individual problems and producing rubber products expressly to meet those problems in their highly specialised factories, Dunlop renders a unique service to industry.

DUNLOP

IS WORLD - WIDE IN ITS ACTIVITIES AND SERVICE



DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

TYRES, WHEELS, RIMS AND ACCESSORIES

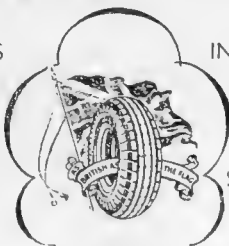
INDUSTRIAL AND DOMESTIC RUBBER PRODUCTS

RAINWEAR AND SPORTSWEAR

DUNLOPILLO CUSHIONING

FOOTWEAR

SPORTS GOODS



Way of the War

(Continued from page 363)

full text, much of what General de Gaulle said seemed to make excellent common sense.

In the new slang he is a "de-bunker" who believes in stating facts as he sees them, bluntly and frankly. He may be a pioneer of a new school in diplomacy. But so long as the old school remains, de Gaulle must expect to be regarded as the enfant terrible of the Allies.

No Great Orator

LAST week Mr. Brendan Bracken made his first public speech as Minister of Information, when he addressed a crowded luncheon organised by the Foreign Press Association in London. Much of what Mr. Bracken had to say was of interest. Like General de Gaulle, he seems to believe in "de-bunking." He warned alike against unfair criticism of the United States—still going through its teething troubles in the matter of war production—and against an easy assumption that the threat of invasion to this country had been removed by the German attack on Russia. He urged us to spend less of our time in looking for the chinks in German armour, and to devote more attention to the gaps in our own. All this and a good deal more besides was good stuff. Mr. Bracken also reiterated his desire to help the Press in their battle for fuller information. In a series of broad hints he suggested that they should devote fewer of their criticisms to him and more to the chiefs-of-staff of the fighting departments.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Battalion of the East Yorkshire Regiment

Seated: Capt. C. A. Good, Major C. N. Byrne, D.C.M., Capt. C. Huddleston (Adj.), the Commanding Officer, Major T. T. Thornhill (Sec. in Comd.), Major J. A. Brewer, Major C. H. Watson, M.C. Second row: Capt. J. J. A. Kendall, Capt. G. Wilkinson, Sec.-Lt. T. J. H. Coneybeare, Sec.-Lt. B. D. Murphy, Lt. J. Westerdale, Sec.-Lt. J. L. Stark, Sec.-Lt. E. C. Laws, Sec.-Lt. J. McTavish, Capt. C. N. Truelove, Capt. D. E. Field, Capt. A. J. Manktelow, Capt. D. A. E. Bankes (R.A.Ch.D.—R.C.). Third row: Capt. W. S. Chambers, Sec.-Lt. A. Hobson, Sec.-Lt. P. F. Hooke, Sec.-Lt. P. A. Ward, Lt. D. G. King, Sec.-Lt. H. T. Crookall, Sec.-Lt. J. E. T. Shann, Sec.-Lt. L. J. Duke, Sec.-Lt. D. B. Beal, Sec.-Lt. R. I. Cocking. Back row: Lt. H. S. Buckley, Lt. F. A. Tilley, Lt. A. R. Chadwick, Sec.-Lt. E. Shaw, Sec.-Lt. L. A. Wheeler, Sec.-Lt. C. Pemberton, Lt. A. J. S. McFadzean (M.O. R.A.M.C.), Lt. R. A. Stafford, Sec.-Lt. G. L. Murray, Sec.-Lt. R. S. Rycroft.

There was, however, one table in a crowded dining-room at which the men, all journalists, reached the conclusion that Mr. Bracken threatens to be a "pain in the neck" to the Press. They were the reporters. I defy any shorthand writer, no matter how brilliant, to get a full note of the Minister of Information's remarks. His method of speech, developed at a large number of small private gatherings, is entirely suitable to a conversational occasion at the dinner table. It has positively no merits for addressing a large audience. He is an extremely rapid thinker, and speaks too fast, making his best points as slightly cynical asides half under his breath at the end of his main sentence.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
SEPTEMBER

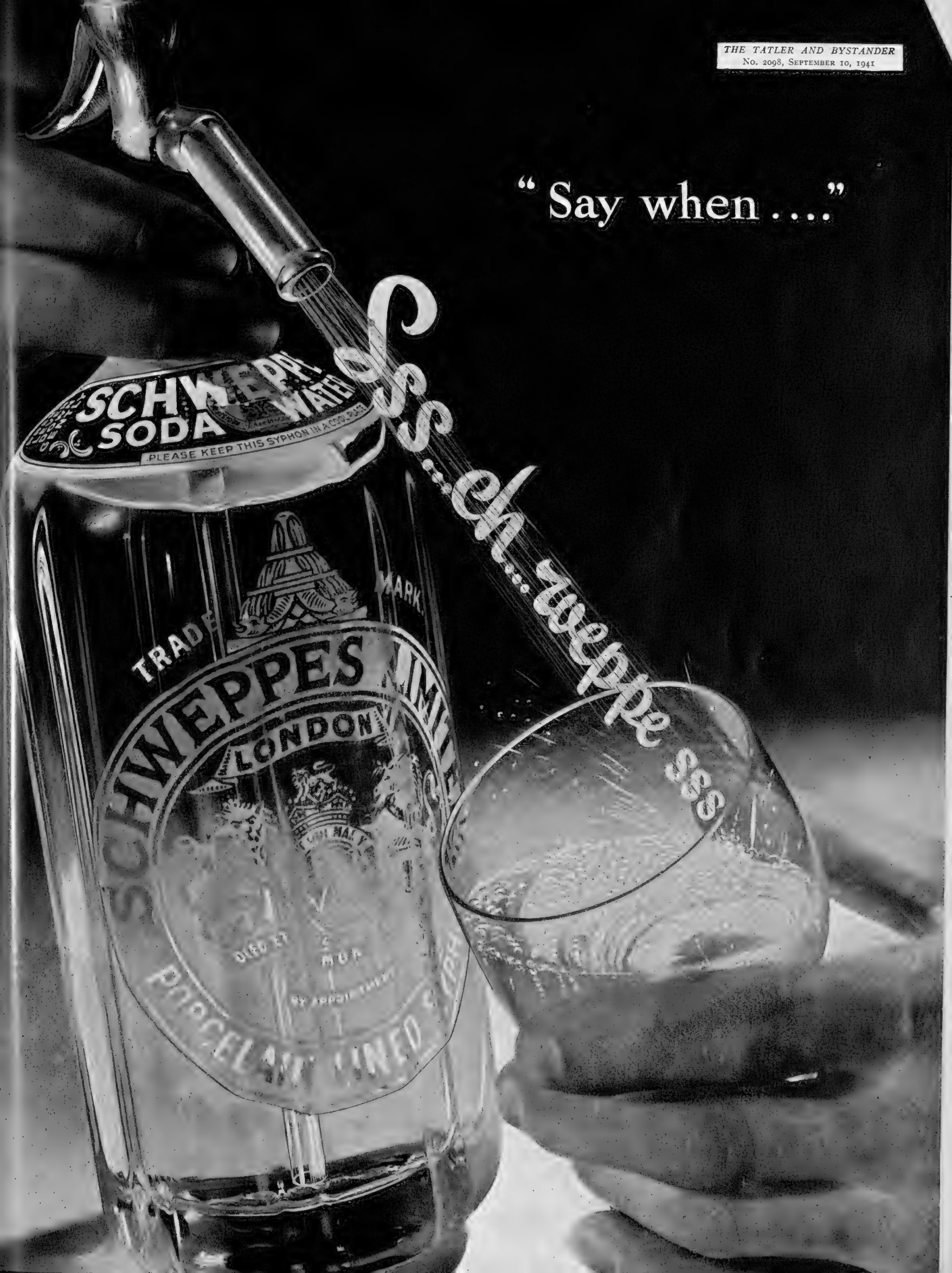
Name { Mrs.
Miss

Address

BENTLEY
The Silent Sports Car

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD. CONDUIT ST. LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 4412

“ Say when ”



BUILD YOUR WARTIME WARDROBE ON

Lasting Foundations

First and foremost in coupon calculations—the essential upon which your good appearance and life of your wardrobe depends—is a good foundation. "Le Gant" are the answer to the present problem—their renowned wearing qualities, design and comfort are vital factors to a successful budget—and will maintain your **FIGURE FOR FUTURE FASHIONS.**



Le Gant
THE ULTIMATE FOUNDATION

WARNER BROS. (CORSETS) LTD., 40-41 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

(Wholesale Only)



How nice to see someone with a pre-war complexion . . . healthy, well groomed, glowing. Women find things difficult these days. 'Can't get cosmetics' they say; but after all you can still get a little Pomeroy Skin Food and Pomeroy Cleansing Cream . . . and it takes very little Pomeroy to keep your skin beautiful. Advice and treatment still available at Jeannette Pomeroy Salon, 27, Old Bond Street, W.1.

JEANNETTE

Pomeroy
BEAUTY PRODUCTS

The Secret of the Pomeroy Skin

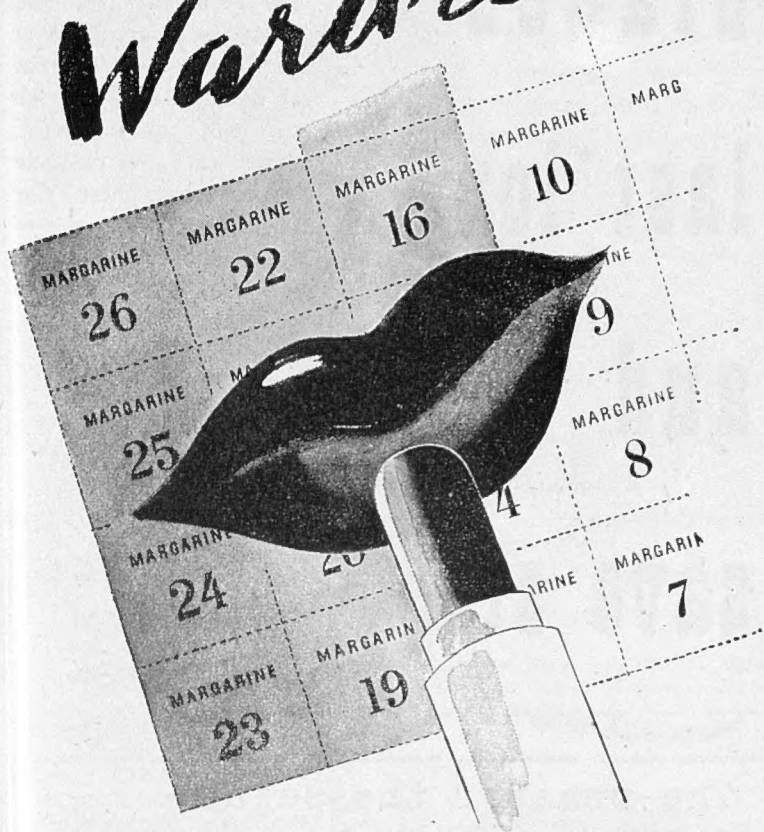
Aristoc to the Rescue

SAVE COUPONS
BY INVESTING COUPONS
IN



The Aristocrats of Lisle and Rayon Stockings

Lipstick Wardrobe



To give a dash, a sparkle, a tonic of colour to a coupon wardrobe is a patriotic duty—and that is why everyone is buying Gala Refills to slip into empty lipstick cases. Gala Refills are gay, creamy, permanent, cleverly matched to dress colours . . . sometimes, like everything else in wartime, they may be difficult to obtain, and you may quite justifiably be tempted to buy another type of refill. But please beware of nameless, pirated, 'black-market' lipsticks. They can be harmful to both beauty and health.

There is Gala Powder, too, at 1/6 a box



LIPSTICK REFILLS 1/6 inc. Tax

THE LIVELIEST LIPSTICK IN TOWN

INDISPENSABLE FROCK FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER

Wool---



QUALITY WOOL . . .

A useful frock for town or country wear; it features an original yokeline and stitched lozenge motifs. In black, and several gay colours. Six sizes **7½ gns.** (11 coupons)

"COUNTY FROCKS" DEPARTMENT

Six carefully studied sizes are obtainable in this department:

Sizes	40	42	44	45	46	48
Hips (actual)	36	37	40	42	44	48 in.

Debenham & Freebody
LANgham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)



Was there ever a "golden age"? Doubtless early civilizations—the "garden state" of the poets—had their own afflictions; but at least they escaped the nervous strain of our own over-complex lives.



Nerve *versus* Nerves —yesterday and today

The carefree, open-air life of olden days bred perfect health and strong nerves. To-day we live in sterner times, yet good health, more than ever before, is the national duty of every citizen. If the strain, the extra work, the many difficulties of a wartime existence are leaving you over-tired and run-down, it is an unmistakable sign that your nerves lack the essential organic phosphorus and protein without which you cannot possibly stand up to life in these strenuous times.

It is, in fact, an unmistakable sign that you need a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. 'Sanatogen' is not merely a temporary stimulant; it gives lasting benefit because it *feeds* the nerves and blood and restores lost energy and vitality.

'SANATOGEN'

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists in 22/3 jars and 12/1½, 6/6, and 2/6½ tins (Including Tax).

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

GILLETTE

blades

last*longer

and

save steel

★... and even longer still if you avoid the rust you cannot see. Even the strong shouldered Gillette edge has an enemy to its long life that only you can repel. Never leave your blades in a steamy atmosphere. The microscopic beginnings of oxidation on that fine edge will rob you of many a good shave.

PRICES INCLUDING
PURCHASE TAX

Blue Gillette 1/3 for 5

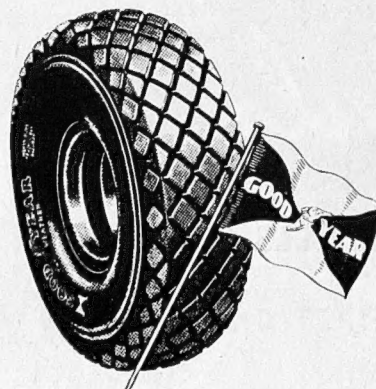
Stainless Gillette 1/8 for 5

Thin Gillette 1/3 for 6

The sweeter the sugar
the less sugar you require
The longer the mileage the
fewer tyres you need
That's how

*Goodyear
Higher
Mileage*

helps you and the war effort



Goodyear is working day and night to meet demands. Supplies are short so you should order from your regular dealer in advance of your requirements.

THERE IS A GOODYEAR TYRE FOR EVERY MAKE OF MOTOR VEHICLE

SUMMIT SHIRTS

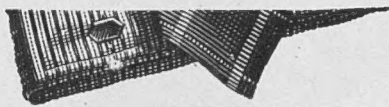
for longer life



Summit Shirts keep their good looks, their good shape, and their good colours through a long life of wear and washing. Two collars with every shirt, three sleeve lengths to every collar size. Still 12/6, upwards.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET



Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton.

*Achieve Lissom Grace
and
Perfect Health
in*
AERTEX
Corsetry

AGE 30 but the SCALES say 40

A woman is as young as her figure. You may be thirty or less, but if you allow ugly unnecessary fat to accumulate, you will look much more. It is the slim, youthful-looking woman who gets on, because slimness and vitality are closely related. Fat, doctors say, is a crippling burden that overloads the heart and liver and must be got rid of. And here is the easiest and safest way.



See how excess fat goes while you eat

Between the first and the last of these figures there is 42 lb. difference in weight. When you take Natex, unwanted fat actually goes while you eat, because Natex is a vegetable food—not a drug. A tonic slimming food that gets rid of fat safely and surely. It is the sensible and natural way to slim, because it acts by re-invigorating the glandular system with the organic food needed to help the absorption of fat and prevent further accumulation.

Thousands of letters testify that Natex:

1. Reduces fat at the safe rate of 2-4 lb. weekly.
2. Improves your Looks. Keeps your complexion clear, because it banishes poisons.
3. Increases your vim. As you lose weight you gain vigour.

The sooner you start slimming with Natex the sooner you will have a younger, more graceful figure. So get your first packet today. From Chemists and Health Stores, 2/3, 6/1½, 10/7, and 19/5½ (incl. purchase tax), or post free from Modern Health Products Ltd., 75a Natex House, 38, Langham Street, London, W.1.



Natex

SLIMMING FOOD

TONIC

**STOP THAT
COLD WITH
VAPEX**

From your Chemist 2/3 & 3/4
including Purchase Tax
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD
V204
THE NATION CANNOT AFFORD COLDS

A Worthy Gift

Maenson

British Warm

NO
COUPONS

Is there an officer in the family? Give him a Maenson British Warm—a princely gift. Finish, cut, tailoring are faultless.

Write for Service Uniforms Folder and name of nearby Maenson Agent, or 'phone Regent 2404 for London suppliers.

JOSEPH MAY & SONS LTD
106, Regent Street . London. W.1
Telephone: Regent 2404

UNIFORMS *par Excellence!*



HORNE
BROTHERS LIMITED

Excellence of style, quality of material — of workmanship; competent and personal service by Certificated Master Military Tailors . . . these are some of the characteristics that have made Horne Bros. the obvious choice for outfitting for all three services.

To obtain your kit within the allowance—write for Price List, and address of our nearest branch.

415-417, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. (Opposite Selfridges)
Branches throughout London and Provinces



There are those who work in the hope of reward and others who find their reward in their work. But all work seems like play when it is done to the accompaniment of

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



IT IS NOW MORE THAN EVER NECESSARY TO EMPTY YOUR PACKET AT THE TIME OF PURCHASE AND LEAVE IT WITH YOUR TOBACCONIST.

N.C.O. 851A

MAN'S MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION



Now that a suit is rapidly becoming man's most precious possession—ask your tailor to cut yours in Sportex. This Scottish-woven cloth conceals the toughness of bracken beneath an aristocratic smoothness of texture and choice of design, and is equally at home in town or country.



"Have it cut in **SPORTEX**
it'll last as long as mine"

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WOVEN CLOTH FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR

Let's See!



Don't think you are being unpatriotic by having good lighting in your home. You can enjoy *good lighting* by using Royal "Ediswan" Coiled-Coil Lamps; they give up to 20% more light without consuming any more current.

Voltages 100/130—200/260

40 watt Pearl 1/7 75 watt Pearl 1/10
60 " " 1/7 100 " " 2/-
plus Purchase Tax



ROYAL
"EDISWAN"
LAMPS

Obtainable at all Electrical Suppliers